

FEBRUARY 26, 1979

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A Letter from the Publisher

No matter how many "combat" assignments a journalist gets, each new one brings its own special dangers, as Tehran Bureau Chief Bruce van Voorst discovered while reporting for this week's cover story. A veteran correspondent who joined Time only last month, van Voorst, 46, has covered conflicts in the Dominican Republic, Jordan, Chile and Lebanon, plus the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968. But he judges Iran to be his most dangerous territory yet.

"Even in Beirut," van Voorst reports, "where there was a lot of shooting, there was at least a modicum of discipline in the Phalangists and P.L.O. Here you can't even tell the opposing forces apart. They wear the same mixed bag of military and civilian clothes, and it's commonplace to be stopped by some kid of 13 who pokes a submachine gun into your stomach." The language problem makes matters worse. "Only one correspondent in the international press corps here speaks Farsi," says van Voorst. "In a crunch you don't know whether a gunman is ordering you to lie down or stand up."



TIME Staffers Golestan, Leroy, van Voorst, Burnett, Jackson

Three TIME photographers—Kaveh Golestan, David Burnett and Cathy Leroy—faced equal hazards. They managed to work themselves into the embattled U.S. embassy under heavy fire. Golestan, holding a burning piece of paper under his nose to ward off the effects of tear gas, also reported on the attack for the cover story.

—DAVID BURNETT

Correspondent David Jackson, 28, had never before been on overseas assignment, let alone witnessed a revolution. "But the acrid taste of tear gas is familiar from my college days at Berkeley," says Jackson, who graduated in 1972 and served briefly in the Chicago bureau before arriving in Iran for temporary duty earlier this year. At one point he was threatened by knife-wielding youths but was helped by an Iranian woman. "An hour later," recalls Jackson, "I was sipping tea and peeling a tangerine, the guest of a gracious Iranian family who wanted to tell me their hopes for the future of their country." Such a sequence of events is illogical, but logic cannot be expected when you are covering a revolution.

John A. Meyers

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26 Cover: Just as feared, Iran's revolution edges toward anarchy as Khomeini's government struggles for control. Marxist guerrillas emerge as a new threat to stability. Meanwhile, the exodus of Americans swells. See WORLD.



14 Nation: A rush of foreign policy problems has made Carter seem bewildered and ineffective, unable to project a sense of control. ▶ In Mexico, a toast turns into a roast as the President gets a lecture. ▶ ERA stalls once again.



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Diversity is all in Manhattan's gigantic Whitney Biennial, which celebrates the work of new artists in a salon-like setting.

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The incredible writing machine named Isaac Asimov has already whirled out 200 books—and he is still accelerating.

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Letters

Teng's Visit

To the Editors:

Finally, a fresh face in Washington who spoke the truth about the imperialism of Moscow—China's Teng Hsiao-p'ing (Feb. 5).

A. Harvey Silverman
Warwick, R.I.

I can't help feeling that China's verbal attacks on Russia are like the pot calling the kettle black.

Gerry Miner Welch
Cooperstown, N.Y.

Is President Carter's China policy the coup of the century or a peep into Pandora's box?

Eva Lederman
Milwaukee



Even if the Chinese gesture of friendship is to the advantage of the U.S., the Russians should not be excluded. The three powers must avoid confrontations and come closer to each other for the sake of humanity and a peaceful world.

Prahlad Ghosh
Calcutta

God and the Scientists

There can be no meaningful reconciliation of science and religion as suggested by Lance Morrow in his Essay "In the Beginning: God and Science" (Feb. 5). Their methods are diametrically opposed. Science admits it has no final answers; religion claims to have them. Science, despite its excesses, has gone far to liberate the human spirit; religion would stifle it.

David H. Brown
Evergreen, Colo.

The apparent hiatus between science and religion cannot be bridged so long as the theologian and the scientist remain true to their own field of activity. The scientist is concerned only with this mate-

rial universe in the making. The theologian speculates on the force outside the universe and calls it divine. In the face of the infinite, the scientist can only exclaim: "My God, what a bang!"

Brother Orlando
Holy Cross Fathers and Brothers
Phoenix

How can we possibly expect to come up with the answer to the Big Bang while we are still troubled with the question of the chicken and the egg?

Ethel N. Day
Carleton Place, Ont.

Lance Morrow should have mentioned that the best evidence of the peaceful coexistence of science and religion is the Big Bang theory, which was conceived and stated (1927) by a Catholic priest-professor at the Catholic University of Louvain, Belgium, Canon Georges Lemaitre.

I asked him once if he ever had trouble tuning his faith and his scientific work. He laughed, then said: "Science is about how, faith is about who and why."

Eugene A. Collard
Mons, Belgium

John Paul in Mexico

Pope John Paul II is correct: Christ was no political leader (Feb. 12), but there is no doubt that his message to us encourages us to seek political and social change. Liberation theology did not die with Pope John Paul's visit to Mexico, just as Christ's message to "set the captive free" is not dead.

(The Rev.) Louis Michael Colonnese
Davenport, Iowa

Isn't it great to see Pope John Paul II serving the people? In office a little more than three months, he is already making his mark as a true man of God.

Bill Worden
Mattapoisett, Mass.

If Pope John Paul II is truly concerned with improving conditions in Latin America, he could start by lifting the church ban on birth control. What an enlightened step it would be to promulgate a campaign for planned parenthood.

Ariel Mengarini, M.D.
New York City

Tempest over the Tea Company

In your article on the offer by West Germany's Tengelmann Group to buy A & P stock (Jan. 29), you observed that "the German company can certainly teach A & P much." Why? Whatever happened to "Grandma"?

From 1859, when my grandfather, George Huntington Hartford, opened the first chain store, to 1959, "the Tea Company" evolved into the world's largest retail business. Grandma was destroyed by the inept management to whom my un-

cles John and George had entrusted her. After the company had lost more than \$50 million in 1973 alone, in desperation a president, Jonathan Scott, was brought in from outside, and he has made heroic efforts to turn it around. But as you suggest, the resources and prestige of a Tengelmann may well prove the decisive factor.

As a small stockholder, let me extend them a most cordial welcome.

Huntington Hartford
New York City

Two Parents, Two Homes

Cheers to the forward-thinking divorcees who magnanimously decide to share their children as you described in "One Child, Two Homes" (Jan. 29). I must disagree, however, with state legislators who support bills presuming joint custody. For the child whose divorced parents retain animosity toward one another, I can imagine no greater hell than being shuttled between them weekly.

James Buell
Delaware, Ohio

The principle of joint custody takes into account the obvious fact that parents do not have to divorce their children when they divorce each other.

Karl Galinsky
Austin

Instead of the child moving back and forth, why not the parents? We have this kind of arrangement, and it works out very well, and certainly puts much more stability in the child's life.

Jeanne Ferguson
St. Paul

Getting the Job Done

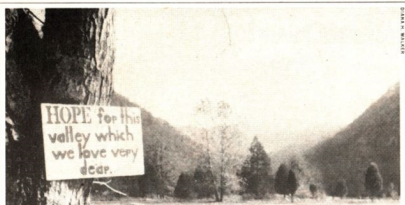
In response to the article "Perils of the Productivity Sag" (Feb. 5), it seems that part of the problem is that wages have risen because of union demands, while productivity has dropped. If people were paid for the work they did and not simply for time spent at their places of work, the degree of output per man-hour would rise tremendously because the workers would try to get more done.

Timothy E. Peterman
Evanston, Ill.

As an ordinary wage slave, I find the drop in the nation's production no mystery. About one-third of my wage vanishes into some fiscal never-never land before I see it. Why put forth more effort when, between taxes and inflation, one is either standing still or slipping backward? I still try, though I wonder why.

Nathan Gurevich
Gaithersburg, Md.

Address Letters to **TIME**, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



Sign marks the notch in the hills where the proposed APCO dam would go

American Scene

In Virginia: Taking On a Dam Site

As they always have in Brumley Gap, the men and women sit separate. Outside, the evening cold has already crept in, and the hard outline of Virginia mountains has softened into darkness. Inside Hunter Holmes' one-room country store, three worn couches, a board placed on milk cases, and a few wooden chairs make a circle around a Buckeye 135 wood stove. The room is filled with people. The walls are lined with canned goods and staples like salt, sugar, cornmeal and motor oil. A blue denim jacket hangs from one shelf, and a few feet below it hangs a new white T-shirt with green lettering that proclaims NOT BY A DAM SITE. A middle-aged woman with a hesitant voice and bright blue eyes is speaking: "I'm sure there are Indian graves around here. It would close down APCO's whole operation if we find an Indian grave."

This is a meeting of the Brumley Gap Concerned Citizen's Association. Geographically Brumley Gap is a chip in the

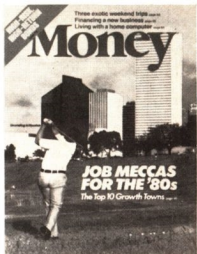
rim of a natural cup shaped by the South Virginia Hills. APCO is the Appalachian Power Company, which wants to put a 200-foot-high dam in the notch, turning the bowl into a reservoir for the largest pump-storage facility in the U.S. and putting the old homesteads of nearly all Brumley Gap's 119 families under water. The hope of finding Indian graves and getting the whole area protected from APCO by having it registered as a National Historic Place is just one of several desperate ways in which the people of Brumley Gap are trying to fend off inundation. The Indian relic idea is not entirely farfetched either. Store Owner Holmes recently found a Paleo-Indian double-fluted pentagonal flint point dating from 9000 B.C. It was authenticated by Randy Turner, regional archaeologist for south Virginia. Piles of arrowheads and doodads, picked up by residents over the years, still await serious examination.

By any worldly standard Brumley



At the Quilt Hunters Club a quilt auction raises cash to pay lawyers

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ELISABETH KÜBLER-ROSS, M.D.

Rover's Been Run Over!

How children react to death

*This excerpt from the book **On Death and Dying** is re-printed with permission of Dr. Kübler-Ross and Macmillan Publishing Co., Inc., New York.*



Elisabeth
Kübler-Ross, M.D.

A... word should be mentioned about the children. They are often the forgotten ones. Not so much that nobody cares; the opposite is often true. But few people feel comfortable talking to a child about death. Young children have different concepts of death, and they have to be taken into consideration in order to talk to them and to understand their communications. Up to the age of three a child is concerned only about separation, later followed by the fear of mutilation. It is at this age that the small child begins to mobilize, to take his first trips out "into the world," the sidewalk trips by tricycle. It is in this environment that he may see the first beloved pet run over by a car or a beautiful bird torn apart by a cat. This is what mutilation means to him, since it is the age when he is concerned about the integrity of his body and is threatened by anything that can destroy it.

Also, death... is not a permanent fact for the three-to-five-year-old. It is as temporary as burying a flower bulb into the soil in the fall to have it come up again the following spring.

After the age of five death is often regarded as a man, a bogey-man who comes to take people away; it is still attributed to an outward intervention.

Around the ages of nine to ten the realistic conception begins to show, namely, death as a permanent biological process.

Children will react differently to the death of a parent, from a silent withdrawal and isolation to a wild loud mourning which attracts attention and thus a replacement of a loved and needed object. Since children cannot yet differentiate between the wish and the deed... they may feel a great deal of remorse and guilt. They will feel responsible for having killed the parents and thus fear a gruesome punishment in retribution. They may, on the other hand, take the separation relatively calmly and utter such statements as "She will come back for the spring vacation" or secretly put an apple out for her—in order to assure that she has enough to eat for the temporary trip. If adults, who are upset already during this period, do not understand such children and reprimand or correct them, the children may hold inside their own way of grieving—which is often a root for later emotional disturbance.

With an adolescent, however, things are not much different than with an adult. Naturally adolescence is in itself a difficult time and added loss of a parent is often too much for such a youngster to endure. They should be listened to and allowed to ventilate their feelings, whether they be guilt, anger or plain sadness.

Elisabeth Kübler-Ross, M.D.

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American Scene

Gap is hardly in a position to stand against a \$1 billion water project. The village is set in the middle of what the inhabitants proudly refer to as Poor Valley. The soil is rocky and hard to farm. Most families cultivate an acre or so of tobacco, the town's only cash crop, and a vegetable patch, with a little meager grazing land for a few cows. The families in the scattering of wooden houses and log cabins have a median income of about \$6,000 a year. To eke out a living, many men have had to work outside the Gap, some, like Gale Webb, the father of six children, journeying 50 miles a day to Johnson City, across the state line in Tennessee. There are other concessions to the modern world in Brumley Gap. TV sets, for instance, and souped-up pickup trucks. Since last May, moreover, a blue APCO work trailer has been parked on Route 698 to serve as an advance base for surveying teams. But most people have lived in the Gap all their lives, and life is as it has been for 100 years. The men meet at the Coon Hunters Club to swap stories. The women spend a good deal of time making quilts. They also keep the Methodist church as neat as in the days when they had their own preacher. APCO is offering "a fair market value" for the land, which means up to \$3,000 an acre for cleared fields, \$500 for woodland. Townspeople know they cannot find the equivalent near by at that price, because the Gap lies on the edge of richer and more costly terrain. But more than that, they fear the loss of a way of life, of strong family ties, if they are forced to move.

"It's hard to explain what's precious about life here," says Levonda McDaniel, 50, the association's secretary. "I think it's something about the earth, a sort of communion with the Lord when you can go out there and plow your fields and produce half of what you eat. Most people here realize they're not really college-educated types, yet within themselves they are secure." An extreme sense of self-reliance, growing rarer by the day in urbanized America, and at the same time an odd reliance on each other against the outside world may be the strongest bonds for the people of Brumley Gap. "You don't want to take welfare. That's a disgrace, forever," says McDaniel. "Everybody knows, though, that when the time comes and if someone needs help, you're going to know it and they sort of expect you to be there."

That spirit explains why in the past few months the Coon Club and the church, like Holmes' store, have been pressed into service as centers for meetings and fund-raising schemes. All told, \$10,500 has been collected so far for the legal fees involved in seeking an injunction to block exploratory drilling or digging by APCO—at least until some thorough environmental studies have been made. The case is scheduled for



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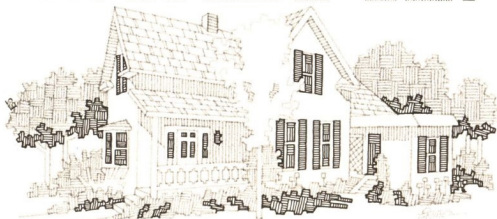
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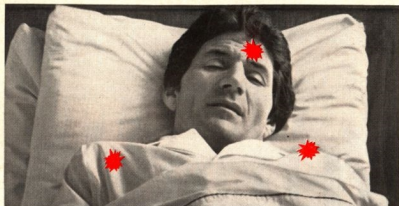
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American Scene

trial in the Abingdon Circuit Court at the end of this month, but the town is beginning to realize that whatever the decision, later appeals may cost them an unimaginable \$100,000. That is one reason why they have swallowed their distrust of outsiders and outside help enough to encourage the Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund to appeal the project before the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission.

Tonight's meeting learns that the association has \$5,789.43 left in its account. A campaign to write letters to Senators is discussed, and plans for a gospel sing in the local high school and a benefit play, *Red Fox: Second Hanging*, at \$5 a head to raise more money for the lawyers. Richard Austin, a Presbyterian minister, one of the few outsiders (he moved to the area from Washington six years ago), urges everyone to be at the trial in Abingdon. He goes over the long list of ponds, drill sites, access roads and trenches that APCO intends to create just for its survey. There is also a 2,000-foot tunnel to be drilled into the mountainside.

"I thought they told us they'd leave everything the way they found it," a man in the back calls out. Everybody laughs. Crickett Woods, 53, says she wrote Johnny Cash's sister-in-law asking if he would sing at a Brumley benefit. "She said she didn't think so," Woods reports. Debbie Maretz has written President Carter, and letters have gone to Senator John Warner, who came out against the APCO project during the fall campaign. After the serious business is disposed of, Roby Taylor, a wizened man in blue coveralls, begins showing around color pictures of his twelve-foot tomato vine. "I reckon you never seen anything like it," he says with a great grin.

APCO maintains that the region needs the Brumley Gap storage as a source of extra power during peak demand periods that lately have overstrained the company's resources. It also claims that the dam, and the pump to shoot water up out of the Holston River into the storage plant, can be built most economically in Poor Valley. These are hard arguments.

But unlike many towns in the U.S. similarly engaged in tilting against giants for their very lives, the people of Brumley Gap have at least got their resistance going early in the proceedings. Most of them cannot imagine defeat. Says Cletis Leonard, a tall, rawboned woman with her silver hair drawn back in a bun: "I sold three quilts at that auction down at the Coon Club last October. Made \$200. Maybe I'll do even better next time around." Skinny but indomitable at 95, Floyd ("Unk") Hayter, whose wife Bess thinks the town's big mistake was not getting guns and running the APCO people out when they first appeared, gloomily confronts the future: "If that judge is against us I don't know what we'll do. Jail used to be a disgrace, but I don't reckon it is now."

—Joelle Attinger

1979 Pontiac Trans Am.



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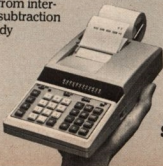
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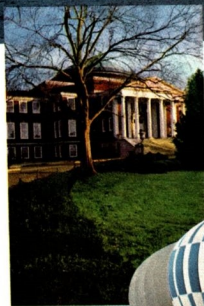
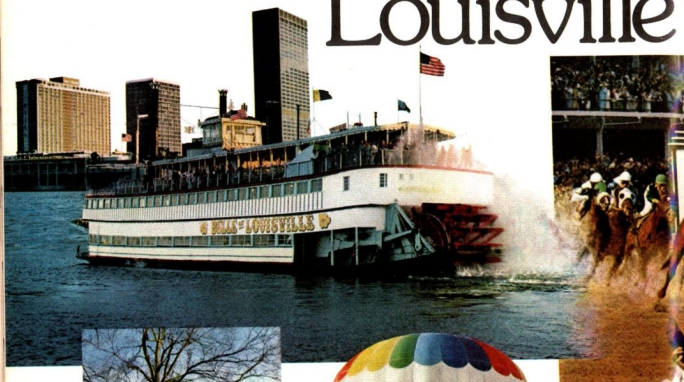
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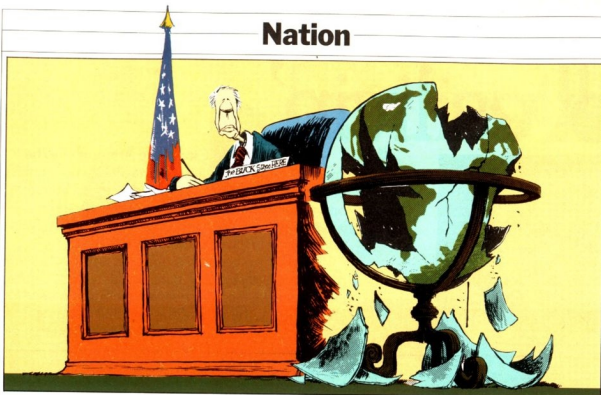
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TIME/FEB. 26, 1979

Surprise and Confusion

That seems all too often the U.S. reaction to new crises abroad

Anxiety and exhaustion lined their faces. They had been up much of the night, trying to deal with a bewildering series of crises around the world. The U.S. ambassador in Afghanistan had been kidnaped and killed. The U.S. embassy in Iran had been overrun by an armed mob, which held 70 Americans captive for hours (see WORLD). Now a worried Jimmy Carter, flanked by Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, was off on an important state visit to Mexico. No sooner had he arrived there than President José López Portillo welcomed him with a public scolding. In the midst of all this, Carter learned that two Persian Gulf sheikdoms were taking advantage of the Iranian crisis to raise their oil prices 7%, a blow to his anti-inflation campaign.

It began as a bleak week, and it remained one. The swirl of events was so stormy that at one point Carter considered postponing his Mexican trip—a move that would

hardly have pleased the Mexicans. The President had also considered postponing his press conference last Monday, in the hope that the chaos in Iran might have cleared before he answered questions about it. He decided instead to use the conference to extend an olive branch. Said he: "We have been in touch with those in control of the [Iranian] government, and we stand ready to work with them."

What is uncertain, however, is just how much Iran's rulers, whoever they may ultimately turn out to be, want to

work with the U.S. Equally uncertain is how the downfall of the Shah's regime will affect the balance of power in the Middle East, and in the world. All that is clear is that the collapse of Iran has raised serious new doubts about U.S. foreign policy. In ways not yet fully clear, the sight of Iran reduced to anarchy has brought into question Washington's ability and determination to support its allies and to assert what the nation stands for.

While attempting to create a new policy for the Persian Gulf, Carter must also try to revive the spirit of Camp David. Returning to that secluded presidential retreat this week, Vance meets with Israeli Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan and Egyptian Premier Moustafa Khalil in an effort to resolve the issues still blocking the peace outlined at September's summit.

Looming larger than all these questions is the recent souring of U.S.-Soviet relations. That trend has been greatly worsened by Carter's sudden normalization of relations with Moscow's rivals

López Portillo and Carter confront each other in Mexico City



in Peking. It took another downturn last week when Soviet advisers were reported to have played a role in the shootout that killed the U.S. ambassador in Afghanistan. The State Department sent a sharp protest to the Soviets. Despite these strains, Carter has assigned top priority to concluding the long delayed SALT II and meeting with Soviet Communist Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev.

These complex and pressing foreign policy problems would be difficult enough if they were arising one at a time. Coming all at once, they are nearly overwhelming the Administration's ability to cope with them. TIME Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott reports:

The symptoms of the malaise afflicting U.S. policy are so numerous and varied that they almost defy classification into a single syndrome. The basic trouble seems to be that Jimmy Carter, after two years in office, is still unable to project a sense that he is in control of events. His major initiatives, such as the diplomatic offensive in southern Africa and the Camp David summit, have so far failed to fulfill expectations. His foreign policy has come to seem primarily reactive, responding to events that he did not anticipate. And his response has tended to be indecisive.

In Iran, the U.S. has appeared to be standing by and gawking at the collapse of a regime that was not only a friend but also the guardian of U.S. interests in a strategically vital region. This has underscored the impression of an American Administration that does not have sufficient grip on the reins of power to yank hard every now and then.

Whether the U.S. could or should have done more to uphold the Shah is debatable. Bringing pressure on the Shah to abandon his autocratic ways, to include opposition leaders in a government of national unity, might have helped—but also might not. What is clear is that the Administration's conflicting and confusing pronouncements on Iran have emphasized the lack of a coherent policy. One day the White House seemed to be proclaiming its all-out support for the Shah; the next day it was publicly doubting whether he could hold on to power. The mutual recriminations among the CIA, the State Department and the White House over who was "losing" Iran made a bad situation worse.

There are, however, a few points to be made in the Administration's defense. It has been alleged, for example, that Carter's human rights policy tied the Shah's hands, preventing him from dealing effectively with his enemies while at the same time making them more bold. But the Shah had publicly committed himself to domestic reforms well before Carter took office. He was responding to irresistible pressure from inside his country. According to the leader of a country bordering Iran, in a recent talk with a senior American diplomat, Washington should have moved ten years ago to make the

Shah see the folly of pursuing rapid economic modernization without parallel social and political reforms.

At least one high Government official has suggested that the U.S. should have considered moving troops into Iran, ostensibly to protect the headwaters of the Persian Gulf, but in reality to reinforce the Shah. Yet the likely result of such intervention would have been a disaster far greater than the one now facing Washington. The U.S. would have been dragged into a civil war—almost surely on the losing side. Some Americans advocated a military coup in support of the Shah, but that idea was discarded.

Carter's policy, which had to change somewhat over the past few months, did not bind the U.S. inextricably to the Shah, did not call for an Alamo-like stand with him in his palace. Instead, Washington did its best to support each government in turn. Thus the Administration's mut-

not resist the temptation to rattle the Soviets.

As a result, Teng Hsiao-p'ing's visit to the U.S. was on his terms. Beginning with his extraordinary interview with TIME Editor in Chief Hedley Donovan, Teng used his U.S. trip to bait the Russian "polar bear" and to escalate the war of nerves over the conflict in Indochina. Teng's visit left the impression that once again the Administration was not controlling events, even on its own home ground. The U.S.-China relationship, and the question of who is using whom, may be further complicated by Peking's week-end "attack of self-defense" against Viet Nam.

The next challenge is SALT. Carter is clearly committed to an arms treaty, but there is the very real question of whether he can get it both signed and ratified. First, he must continue cracking heads within his own foreign policy team to get



Weary Brzezinski and Vance flank Carter as they leave the White House

It began as a bleak week, and it remained one. The swirl of events was stormy.

ed but still audible criticism of the Shah's repression and the gradual distancing of the U.S. from the fate of the Peacock Throne may help Washington build a workable relationship with a new and very different Iran.

Whatever the pros and cons of the Administration's Iran policy, the crisis in the Persian Gulf has contributed to the impression of an Administration that reacts rather than initiates, and too often reacts in surprise and confusion. This seems to have been particularly true in its changing policy toward Peking. The timing and tone of the normalization announcement were managed by China, not by the U.S. The Chinese were impatient to get on with normalization. They also liked the idea of consummating their deal with the Americans before a signing of SALT II at a Carter-Brezhnev summit. They managed to make their impatience an imperative in the bargaining. They also managed to play brilliantly on National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski's own impatience. They knew that he could

an agreement on the final set of trade-offs to be offered Moscow. Second, he must convince the Soviets that unless they make some concessions, SALT II could fall victim to what may well be a wide-open 1980 presidential campaign.

The coming weeks could be critical for the arms talks. A Cabinet-level special committee met last week to decide on final moves in what has been called SALT's end game. Vance and Soviet Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin have been meeting intensively to reach agreement on the final trade-offs, and the two sides' delegations have been working overtime in Geneva. Carter is scheduled to offer a defense of SALT in a speech at Georgia Tech this week. Within the next few weeks he hopes to announce a treaty signing and a Brezhnev summit by April.

But to convince Congress, the nation and world leaders that he has taken firm control, he is going to have to begin outlining a geopolitical world view that features America as an active, assertive and purposeful leader, rather than the baffled, dismayed, uncertain spectator it has too often seemed in the recent past.

Nation



Clinking of glasses between two Presidents was a prelude to conflict

The Battle of Toasts

Mexico's López Portillo welcomes Carter with acid

As television cameras recorded the astonishing scene, Jimmy Carter's face alternately froze and flexed involuntarily into a taut grin. Mexico's President José López Portillo, a sharp-tongued former law professor, was turning a luncheon toast into an emotional lecture on what he saw as the U.S. practice of viewing its neighbor with a "mixture of interest, disdain and fear." Referring to the high-handed way in which U.S. Energy Secretary James Schlesinger had broken off negotiations to purchase more of Mexico's newly enlarged natural gas supply, López Portillo waxed rhetorical: "Among permanent, not casual neighbors, surprise moves and sudden deceit or abuse are poisonous fruits that sooner or later have a reverse effect. No injustice can prevail without affronting decency and dignity."

Seemingly flustered by the attack, Carter ignored the criticism and gave a rambling response. Trying to be folksy, he slipped into personal irrelevancies. "We both have beautiful and interesting wives," he said. He claimed that he had first started jogging when visiting Mexico City in the 1960s. Then he made an appalling attempt to turn his running habit into a joke. The reason he had raced from the Palace of Fine Arts to his hotel room on that visit, he said, was because "in the midst of the Folklorico performance, I discovered that I was afflicted with Montezuma's revenge." Instead of laughing, those present tittered nervously or remained in stony silence. Seated beside her husband, Rosalynn Carter blushed and covered her face in embarrassment.

That was the inauspicious start to a three-day trip on which Carter was trying to extend a friendlier hand across the border. His aides were angered at the Mexican President's attack. Scoffed one:

"A certain amount of that is, I suppose, permissible for home consumption." Indeed, López Portillo's outspokenness won wide praise in Mexico City. Declared the morning newspaper *Novedades*: "The President expressed the feelings of all Mexicans in a very accurate way." Out in the streets, several thousand leftist demonstrators shouted anti-Carter slogans and burned Uncle Sam in effigy.

But the two leaders had many serious issues to discuss—from oil prices to migrant labor and drug smuggling—and before one session of the talks formally began, Carter asked for ten minutes alone with López Portillo. The President candidly told his host that it was "counterproductive if we overemphasized our differences, particularly our historical differences, as opposed to our commitment to efforts to resolve them."

Despite the tension at the beginning, both sides characterized the five hours of private talks as friendly, courteous and businesslike. The first bilateral session was held in the Spanish colonial Palacio Nacional, but it was just general and polite. The two Presidents got down to specifics the next day at Los Pinos, López Portillo's official residence. Carter said he was ready to reopen negotiations over natural gas purchases in formal government-to-government bargaining sessions. Said López Portillo: "Let's get on with it." As for buying more oil from Mexico, Carter did not press for a speedup of production, but did express U.S. willingness

to increase its purchases whenever Mexico could deliver. "We got past all the recriminations," said a White House aide.

The two Presidents then formally agreed to start negotiations on both natural gas prices and on illegal immigration. The U.S. also signed scientific and technological agreements to help improve housing and crop development in Mexico. In his one excursion into the countryside, Carter visited a model farm (newly stocked and refurbished for the occasion) and joined in a public picnic.

But in a speech he made in Spanish to Mexico's Senate and Chamber of Deputies, Carter acknowledged that the problems between the two neighbors were difficult. Suggesting that the U.S. was not responsible for the high level of poverty in Mexico, he added that the immigration conflict will be eased only when Mexico's standard of living improves. Meanwhile, he said frankly, he intends to enforce U.S. immigration laws "as fairly and humanely as I can." Replying to a complaint from López Portillo that Mexicans working in the U.S. often are mistreated, Carter promised to "protect the basic human rights of all people within the borders of my country."

Carter struck the same note at dinner on the trip's last night. He used his toast for a gentlemanly reply to the Mexican's first-day attack. North Americans, Carter insisted, "are fair and decent in dealing with people of other nations." But, he added pointedly, "it is also difficult to be the neighbor of a nation such as yours, whose new economic power obliges its leaders to make difficult choices and to accept expanded responsibilities."

Protocol demanded that at this reciprocal dinner, given by Carter, his guest would get the last word. López Portillo made the most of it: "You are very right. It is difficult for us to live next to the most powerful country in the world. It must be very difficult for you also to live next to a poor and developing country." There was worse to come. Declared López

Portillo: "The most serious issue of our times is the fact that there are men who can buy men and that there are men who have to sell themselves. And this happens very frequently with our poor people who go to the United States."

Having indulged in these flourishes, López Portillo turned milder at a concluding press conference. The Mexican leader, who is actually relatively conservative, admitted that "the cause of the problem is our own," and added that he was "deeply satisfied with the results of this meeting." It was hard to believe Jimmy Carter could feel the same. ■



Protesters burn Uncle Sam

"The White-Haired Hawk"

Paúl Nitze may know more about the world's periodic outbursts of devastation than any other person. He was seven, and climbing in the Tyrol with his parents, when Archduke Ferdinand was assassinated in Sarajevo in 1914, triggering World War I. He was traveling in Germany in 1937 as Hitler was preparing for his conquests. As vice chairman of the World War II U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey, he assessed the hellish aftermath of the raids on Dresden and Hamburg. He studied the fire bombing of Tokyo and was among the first Americans to stand in the scorched nuclear wasteland that had been Hiroshima and Nagasaki. He remembers staring at the tiles that had bubbled from the atomic heat.

Along this unusual journey he once welcomed Neville Chamberlain's attempt to win peace by accommodation. It was a rude but enduring lesson for Nitze. He became the insistent intellectual scold arguing for greater American strength. He directed policy planning at the State Department, served eight years in the Pentagon, including a term as Secretary of the Navy, then was a SALT negotiator for five years in Geneva. Today, at 72, Nitze is a large part of the firepower against SALT II.

"We should reject the treaty," he says flatly. "We should add \$4 billion or \$5 billion to the defense budget." Nitze believes that accepting SALT II as it now stands could be "the point of no return" for the U.S., a point after which the nation would be locked into trends that would assure the Soviets nuclear superiority.

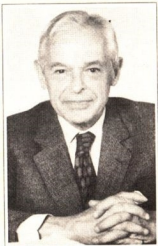
Nitze's charts and analyses are almost impossible for laymen to follow, but buried in them are ominous figures. They conclude that from 1978 to 1985, under a SALT II treaty, the Soviet Union would increase its nuclear warheads threefold, the U.S. by a half, the Russian capacity for area destruction would go up a half, the U.S.'s equivalent capacity by one-fourth; the Soviet ability to destroy our buried missiles would increase tenfold, ours to destroy theirs would go up fourfold. Nitze rejects the notion that the Soviets want only to be equal. "To them a bigger advantage is a bigger advantage," he says.

There is a vaguely James Bondian flavor to the wiry Nitze. As chief strategist for the Committee on the Present Danger, he resides in a Virginia penthouse office with a glass wall. The Soviets call him "the white-haired hawk." Many U.S. arms experts would agree, believing that Nitze has narrowed his vision to statistics, which cannot tell the full story of power. They counter his figures with compelling arguments that without a treaty the arms race will grow, and the Russians will gain even more unless the U.S. adds massively to its own arsenal.

Nitze does not believe the Soviets want war. He does believe they seek a clear superiority of power through which they can tilt the world their way. "It is hard to see what factors in the future are apt to disconnect international politics and diplomacy from the underlying real power balances," Nitze testified a few days ago on the Hill. "The nuclear balance is only one element in the overall power balance. But in the Soviet view, it is the fulcrum upon which all other levers of influence—military, economic or political—rest."

Nitze doubts that President Carter fully understands the nuclear game he is playing. Nitze went to the White House once, and Carter gently upbraided him. The President urged Nitze to join his team and help work out a treaty that would both be good for the U.S. and be an agreement that "the Russians would think is fair." That disturbed Nitze. "The Russians do not understand what we mean by fairness," he insists, and so he told the President.

Nitze's hope is that after long years of relative indifference, the U.S. people are now beginning to listen to what he says. This week he is back testifying on the Hill. Fragments from his arguments echo in the questions of key Senators like Georgia's Sam Nunn and Tennessee's Howard Baker. And suddenly Nitze finds he is marching at times with old adversaries like former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. Says Nitze: "I think it is running our way."



SALT II Critic Paul Nitze

Church and State

An awkward ally for Carter

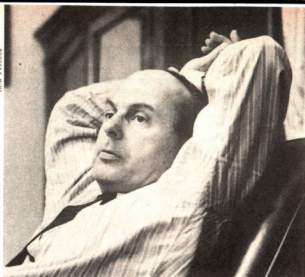
As the Carter Administration struggles with its vexing problems abroad, it has to keep a wary eye at home on a highly independent Senator who is determined to influence U.S. foreign policy. Fulfilling a lifelong ambition, Idaho Democrat Frank Church last month became the new chairman of the prestigious Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Church insists that he wants to be a Carter ally, despite his recent criticism of U.S. moves in the Middle East and Taiwan, but the White House is worried. Says one presidential adviser about Church: "We were hopeful, but the hope is fading."

A liberal from a conservative state, Church, 54, has proved wily enough to win four successive elections to the Senate. In 1976 he ran against Carter in four primary races for the presidential nomination of his party—and finished ahead of Carter each time. His record on major foreign policy issues, moreover, shows that he can be smart, stubborn and willing to go against the wind. Church staked out a position against the Viet Nam War as early as 1965. He has long advocated the normalization of U.S. relations with mainland China. He fought hard for the Panama Canal Treaties. He opposed the unlimited sale of arms to the Shah of Iran on the prophetic ground that the Shah's throne was too shaky.

Now, Church is trying to forge the Foreign Relations Committee, which actually holds little legislative power, into a unit with the kind of authority it once held under such past chairmen as Idaho's William E. Borah (Church's boyhood hero), Michigan's Arthur Vandenberg and Arkansas' William Fulbright. Under its most recent chairman, Alabama's easygoing John Sparkman, the committee "had begun to fractionate," says Church, in typically grand language. "The centrifugal power was pulling the committee into subcommittees that were taking over."

To check that trend, Church has abolished the Subcommittee on Foreign Assistance, through which some 80% of the committee's legislation flowed. He has combined two other subcommittees. The result is to give more power to the full committee and, he assumes, himself. Just as significantly, he has cut back the committee's unimpressive 72-member staff to a leaner but more professional 42.

But Church's actions are being attacked as a "power play" by jealous members of his committee. More important, the committee makeup has shifted sharply against him: five of its 15 members are new. Even though Church was able to eliminate one Republican seat, he faces a far more conservative membership than Sparkman did. Gone are liberal Republicans Clifford Case and moderate Republi-



Frank Church (left) is an uncertain Carter ally in the Senate on foreign policy questions; Adlai Stevenson III is an unexpected opponent

cans Robert Griffin and James Pearson. Instead, Archconservatives S.I. Hayakawa of California, Jesse Helms of North Carolina and Richard Lugar of Indiana are likely to oppose Church strongly, and flamboyantly, on many issues. The committee is split almost evenly along ideological lines.

Church's influence is also challenged by a new unity among the committee's Republicans. For the first time, they have decided to form a minority staff of their own. The Republicans think that Carter's foreign policy is weak and confused and that bipartisanship—not much in evidence for a long time—is useless. At a meeting of some 100 top G.O.P. officeholders earlier this month in Easton, Md., bipartisanship in foreign policy was dismissed as both a myth and out of date. Republican opposition to Carter places Church in the awkward political position of seeming to be on the G.O.P. side whenever he opposes Carter's policy.

So far, such considerations have not deterred Church from speaking out, sometimes erratically and perhaps sometimes under pressures from his home state. He startled the White House by insisting—despite his strong stand favoring normalization with China—that the Senate express concern over the security of Taiwan. Similarly, in the midst of the Iran turmoil, he needed Saudi Arabia by contending in an ill-timed and ill-conceived statement that it "cannot count on our unequivocal support" unless it helps conclude an Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty.

Church will back a SALT treaty if he is satisfied that Soviet observance of its terms can be verified. He strongly rejects Republican arguments that such a treaty should be made conditional on more peaceful Soviet behavior elsewhere in the world. Insists Church: "Linking SALT to Soviet activities in Angola or Ethiopia makes no sense at all and is bound to fail. The treaty either serves our national interest or it doesn't. It ought to be judged on its own merits."

More philosophically, Church is somewhat of a fatalist. He contends that

the U.S. must face up to the fact that it has limited power to prevent changes in Iran or elsewhere. "This is a volatile world," he says. "The thing we must learn is that the U.S. can live with a great deal of change and upheaval. But the one thing we can't do is to stabilize it. There's no way to put a lid on it."

There is thus solace and threat for the Administration in Church's varied views. He vows that his committee will not "quibble with the President or second-guess his every decision." Yet Church is too much a maverick to be predictable. He might well become another of Jimmy Carter's foreign policy problems.

Startling Salvo

Sharp rebuke from Stevenson

Jimmy Carter expects criticism from the left and from the right; he may even welcome it as solidifying his own position in the political center. But now he has received a stinging rebuke from someone who shares roughly the same middle ground. In a near unprecedented attack from a party regular, Democratic Senator Adlai Stevenson III of Illinois has called Carter "embarrassingly weak" in both domestic and foreign policy. He added that the President's staff is "bush league."

Stevenson last week told TIME: "The nation was never exalted to high levels of endeavor by reorganization plans and zero-based budgeting. In fact, the strong Presidents may have been least occupied by matters of management. A great President has an agenda for the nation."

The usually reserved and retiring Stevenson is especially concerned about deterioration in an area in which America has always excelled: technological progress. Says he: "The vanquished of World War II—Japan and Germany—have overtaken us. We and the British are ossified by habit, by powerful interests, and are losing our capacity to win in this highly competitive new environment. And if we can't win, we lose the source of our po-

litical authority." He urges universities, businesses and Government to enter into a partnership to improve technology. "Our most competitive industries are the most technology-intensive, and most are Government supported. Our aerospace industry dominates the world by happenstance. Imagine what we could do by calculation if we try!"

Stevenson urges the establishment of a Government-controlled corporation to explore for oil around the world and negotiate prices with petroleum-producing nations. "We leave ourselves at the mercy of a few multinational corporations that have no incentive to bargain for low prices," he says.

Carter conducts foreign affairs, says Stevenson, "like high-level tourism instead of the hard work of diplomacy." Stevenson would prefer to emphasize economic measures more than military in combatting Soviet expansionism.

Having broken with the President, Stevenson now seeks a wider audience. Like his famous father, he is a reflective man who seems a bit out of place in the political arena. He admits that he has become increasingly restless in the Senate. "This place is not the great public forum that it once was."

Stevenson is toying with the idea of running for President against Carter or even starting a third party. He is also considering television appearances. Though his TV presence is less than electrifying, he believes the American people are ready to listen to common sense, as his father used to say: "I don't think ideas are incompatible with political reality," he declares. "I may be the real politician. The others may be the unrealistic ones."

Stevenson's proposals are not very original and are more than a bit vague, and his prospects for the presidency remain dim at this time. What is unusual is his breaking rank to attack his own party's President—a sign of Carter's loosening grip on the great Middle America, whose support he needs to be an effective Chief Executive and to be re-elected.

DINA's Children

A verdict in the Letelier case

"Viva Cuba!" With this shout and fists raised high, three Cuban exiles marched out of a Washington courtroom last week. The dramatic defiance drowned out the sobbing of shocked relatives, but only for a moment. Two of the men, Guillermo Novo Sampol, 39, and Alvin Ross Diaz, 46, had just been found guilty of first-degree murder in the bomb-killing in Washington of former Chilean Ambassador Orlando Letelier, 44, on Sept. 21, 1976. A third, Guillermo's brother Ignacio, 40, was convicted of perjury and failure to report a crime.

The convictions followed a 21-day trial in which the Government's star witness was the cool, enigmatic, self-described leader of the assassination squad, Michael Vernon Townley, 36, an American who cooperated with the prosecution in return for a lenient sentence of three years and four months. Townley testified that Letelier's murder had been ordered by General Manuel Contreras Sepúlveda, chief of the now defunct Chilean secret police, DINA. According to Townley, Contreras had demanded the killing because Letelier, a socialist, was considered a dangerous opponent of Augusto Pinochet Ugarte's military regime.

Townley described how he and five conspirators—the three defendants plus two other Cuban exiles who are still at large—put together a bomb, which Townley attached to the chassis of Letelier's light blue Chevelle and then detonated by radio. Letelier was blown to pieces, along with an American assistant, Ronni Moffitt, 25. Townley expressed regret only for Moffitt's death. Said he of Letelier: "He was a soldier. I was a soldier."

Chief Defense Attorney Paul Goldberger argued, with little supporting evidence, that Townley had killed Letelier on the instructions of the CIA rather than DINA. Goldberger called Townley "an animal" and "a man who talks about eliminating people as if they were bugs." Replied Prosecutor E. Lawrence Barcella Jr.: "Then what kind of people are Guillermo Novo and Alvin Ross?" The jurors needed less than nine hours of deliberation to answer that question.

Guillermo and Ross could get life terms when sentenced next month. Ignacio may receive 13 years in jail. The Justice Department, meanwhile, will try to extradite from Chile Contreras and two other ex-DINA colleagues who Townley says helped plot the murder. The Pinochet regime is not expected to oblige.

■ **Letelier's widow**



Carolyn Hunt and former U.S. Senator Ervin shake before debating

ERA Runs into a Roadblock

From Illinois and North Carolina the answer again is no

"A St. Valentine's Day massacre." So said Illinois State Senator James Donnewald as he assessed the damage done to the Equal Rights Amendment in his state last week.

In the ERA's first ratification test since Congress last year extended the deadline to 1982, the amendment was narrowly beaten in both Illinois and North Carolina, leaving it still three votes short of becoming the 27th Amendment to the Constitution. At the same time, state senators in Indiana, Montana and South Dakota tried to rescind their previous approval of the amendment, an action of questionable validity but one that reflects the measure's growing difficulties.

Backers mounted their biggest push in North Carolina, where they had the political support of Governor James Hunt. They also enlisted lobbying help from Hunt's wife Carolyn, and two celebrities, Actor Alan Alda and Columnist Erma Bombeck (*If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries—What Am I Doing in the Pits?*). President Carter pitched in by calling State Senator R.C. Soles Jr. But Soles had already heard from his own constituents, and told Carter he could not back ERA.

The opposition was as well organized as the supporters, and far more boisterous. Some 2,000 chanting, hymn-singing demonstrators, many of them bused into Raleigh by a group of fundamentalist churches, besieged wavering legislators. The anti-ERA crowd filled the air with choruses of *Amazing Grace* and waved placards declaring ERA the PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE. Former U.S. Senator Sam Ervin Jr. added his country-lawyer counsel against the amendment. Said Ervin: "ERA would nullify any laws that

make any distinction between men and women. When the good Lord created the earth, he didn't have the advice of Bella Abzug and Gloria Steinem. If any woman is being discriminated against on account of sex in the U.S., there are already laws on the books to handle it."

When an ERA sponsor, State Senator W. Craig Lawing of Charlotte, took a head count, he discovered that he had only 23 votes, to the opponents' 27. The bill then died in committee.

Illinois supporters of the amendment had been beaten nine times since 1972. Last week they tried to lower the proportion of votes in the state senate needed for ratification from three-fifths to a simple majority. The strategy was backed by G.O.P. Governor James Thompson, but only three Republicans in the Democratic-controlled senate went along with him, and the proposal lost, 31 to 24. Accused by ERA supporters of political impotence, Thompson retorted: "I put in my two cents' worth, and my two cents was not enough. Neither was anyone else's."

Announced a discouraged Sheila Greenwald, executive director of Eramerica, after the latest setbacks: "We're not planning new strategy, because in many cases the legislators that defeated ERA the last time are still there." The Justice Department is currently studying the rescinding votes by seven states, including the three voted last week, to determine if they are binding. Even if they are not, the best chance for ERA ratification now rests with election results in 1980. ERA proponents would have to elect enough supporters to change the anti-amendment positions of at least three state legislatures.

Artful Crime

A Security system turned off; Cézannes in a broom closet

More than 60 museum curators and law-enforcement officials gathered in Newark, Del., last week for a four-day conference on art thefts. They met with a sense of urgency. Only two days earlier, New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art had experienced the first major theft in its 110-year history. A 2,500-year-old Greek marble head valued at \$150,000 had been wrenched from its five-foot wooden base and smuggled out of the building in daylight.

The theft had a fluky ending. Acting on a tip, police recovered the statue on Valentine's Day from a locker at Grand Central Station; a crude heart had been scratched above its right eye. Nonetheless, the incident underscored the fact that no museum—no matter how prestigious—is immune from the epidemic of art thefts that is sweeping the country. Late last year, three Cézannes worth \$3 million were stolen from the Art Institute of Chicago. On Christmas morning, bold cat burglars penetrated the security system of San Francisco's M.H. De Young Memorial Museum and left through a skylight with \$1.2 million worth of 17th century Dutch paintings, including a prized Rembrandt, *Portrait of a Rabbi*.

All together, crooks in the U.S. made off with nearly \$50 million in stolen art in 1978, up an estimated 35% in two years. In Europe, police believe that art thefts are growing faster than any other form of larceny. Laments Donald Mason, former FBI art theft specialist: "Alarm bells are ringing all over the world. Time is not on our side."

Most U.S. police forces have been slow to respond. New York is the only city that has a full-time art crime detective. He is Robert Volpe, 35, a spare-time painter and sculptor who looks the part: shoulder-length hair and well-worn jeans. He figures that he helped recover art objects worth about \$4 million in 1978.

The principal cause of the stealing is the booming art market, which by some estimates totaled a robust \$5 billion in the U.S. last year. Increasingly, people are buying art works as hedges against inflation and a weakening dollar. Art prices have risen to levels that even the least cultured brigand can appreciate. Says FBI Art Theft Investigator Thomas McShane: "Thieves read about these prices and they realize they can cut themselves in on some very valuable booty."

Sometimes works of art are reported stolen to order for connoisseurs. But ex-



New York Art Detective Robert Volpe

"Time is not on our side."

perts at the Delaware conference said that art thieves usually are not specialists. Rather, they are the same sort of criminals who steal automobiles, TV sets and jewelry. "Let me dispel some myths," said Gilbert Raguideau, a French government expert on the subject. "There is no mastermind, no international art Mafia. We all have heard the legend of the mad, rich connoisseur who buys stolen masterworks. He does not exist." The works are sold to frequently unsuspecting collectors in the U.S. and abroad through dealers who care more about turning a quick profit than about checking on an object's pedigree. Says Volpe: "Everyone in the art market is buying questionable pieces. Most people ask more questions when they buy an automobile."

Volpe believes that a harsher attitude by judges would help stem the problem. Says he: "An art thief is entertaining, romantic. I've seen cases where the thief has pleaded guilty and gotten no sentence at all." Equally helpful would be better security. In San Francisco's De Young Museum, for example, an electric "key system" to ensure that guards made their rounds was disconnected three years ago. In Chicago, the Cézannes had been kept for two months in a storage room along with brooms and stepladders while a gallery was being remodeled. The theft had probably taken place days before it was discovered.

Closing the Tap

The trend is against legal drinking by 18-year-olds

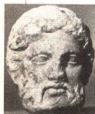
When the Massachusetts house of representatives last week took up Governor Edward King's request to raise the legal drinking age to 21, scores of college students crowded into the gallery. "Atta way, baby!" they shouted when the house watered down the measure. But King lobbied overnight, and the house and senate then overwhelmingly voted to set the age at 19. The two houses are expected to agree soon to move the limit to 21.

Massachusetts thus followed five other states—Iowa, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota and Montana—in deciding that lowering the legal drinking age to 18 had been a mistake. Indeed, one of King's most effective issues during his campaign last year was teen-age drinking. His primary opponent, Incumbent Michael Dukakis, had twice vetoed bills to raise the legal drinking age and promised to do so again, despite polls showing that 74% of the state's voters favored raising the age.

King argued that many teen-agers were abusing alcohol. Since 1972, the number of 16- and 18-year-old drinking drivers involved in fatal accidents had tripled. Youth vandalism in Boston quadrupled in five years, while incidents of disorderly conduct doubled. There was also a marked increase in the amount of drinking in high schools and in the number of teen-agers under 18 found to be supplied with liquor by older friends. Says Bertram Holland, executive secretary-treasurer of the Massachusetts Secondary School Administrators Association: "Alcohol abuse is the No. 1 problem in schools."

Police and school officials believe that raising the drinking age will help deter drinking among youngsters in their early teens. But no one expects the change to solve the teen-age drinking problem. Michigan, for example, raised the limit to 21, but large numbers of teen-agers drive on weekends to Detroit's neighbor, Windsor, Ont. where they can legally drink at 19. Some students and counselors at the University of Michigan feel the state's lower age limit has actually increased drinking because of the unavailability of booze to teen-agers by the single drink. Says Student Tom Wurster, 19: "You buy it. What are you going to do with it? You can't bring it into the dorm. Down it goes."

While most students—as well as owners of bars in college towns—resent the change in the age limit, a few have learned something from it. Says Ann Willis, 20, a student at the University of Michigan: "We used to always have a couple of beers before going anywhere. Now we don't and we're having just as much fun. It was kind of a surprise."



Stolen head

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Winston Light 100s	13
Benson & Hedges 100s	17
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Pall Mall Gold 100s	19
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(As shown.)

Sticker Price	\$6,215
225, 2-bbl., 6 cyl.	STD
Bench Seat with Center Armrest	STD
Full Instrumentation	STD
Digital Clock	57
Bumper Rub Strips	STD
Tinted Glass	STD
Dual Remote Mirrors	44
Vinyl Roof	152
AM Radio	106
Steel Belted Radials P205/75 R15	134
Premier Wheel Covers	54
TOTAL	\$6,762
(Taxes and destination charges extra.)	

17

EPA
EST.
MPG

23

EST.
Hwy

Use number in box for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending upon speed, weather and trip length. Your actual hwy mileage will probably be lower than hwy est. Calif. mileage lower and optional V-8 engine required.



1979 CHRYSLER NEWPORT.

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Americana

Our Beasts and Burdens

People generally react to complexity in one of two ways: inducing rules to explain what is happening, or confecting jargon to obscure what is happening. Thus in this best and worst of times, with Murphy's law (If anything can go wrong, it will) as the only constant in a world of nonviable alternatives, two unusual guidebooks have become hits of the winter season.

One of them is by Paul Dickson, 39, a founder of the Murphy Center for the Codification of Human and Organizational Law, which is actually a filing box in which he has collected all the useful social ax-

ioms he could find—and some useless ones as well. He has published them in *The Official Rules* (Delacorte; \$7.95).

On the other front, former Senator Eugene McCarthy, 62, and Political Columnist James Kilpatrick, 58, began one evening to catalogue the bureaucratic monsters they often encountered: "Mr. Kilpatrick recalled the Budgetary Shortfall he had seen along the Potomac. Mr. McCarthy spoke fondly of Leaping Quantum." They roused Political Cartoonist Jeff MacNelly out of bed to portray their creatures, and the result was *A Political Bestiary* (McGraw-Hill; \$7.95).

A sampling from the two books:



The Broad-Based Constituency

Politicians make the mistake of seeking Broad-Based Constituencies. In time, however, they become a burden on their owners. They have to be fed incessantly.

Agnes Allen's Law. Almost anything is easier to get into than out of.—The wife of Yale Historian Frederick Lewis Allen

Allen's Distinction. The lion and the calf shall lie down together, but the calf won't get much sleep.—Humorist Woody Allen

Anthony's Law of Force. Don't force it, get a larger hammer.—Anonymous

Army Axiom. An order that can be misunderstood, will be misunderstood.

Bernstein's Law. A falling body always rolls to the most inaccessible spot.—New York Times Consulting Editor Theodore Bernstein

Bolton's Law of Ascending Budgets. Under current practices, both expenditures and revenues rise to meet each other, no matter which one may be in excess.—Rand Institute Fellow Joe Bolton

Boyle's Law. If not controlled, work will flow to the competent man until he submerges.—Charles Boyle of NASA

Broder's Law. Anybody who wants the presidency so much that he'll spend two years organizing and campaigning for it is not to be trusted with the office.—Political Columnist David Broder

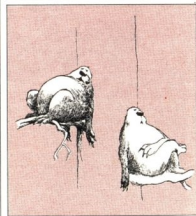
Canada Bill Jones' Motto and Supplement. It is morally wrong to allow suckers to keep their money. Supplement: A Smith & Wesson beats four aces.—Anonymous

Colson's Law. If you've got them by the balls, their hearts and minds will follow.—Poster alleged to have hung in the office of former Nixon Aide Chuck Colson

Dirksen's Three Laws of Politics. 1. Get elected. 2. Get re-elected. 3. Don't get mad, get even.—The late Senator Everett Dirksen

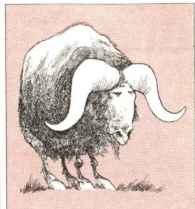
Ettore's Observation. The other line moves faster.—New York Times Financial Writer Barbara Ettore

Rule for Academic Deans. 1. Hide! 2. If they find you, lie!—Father Damian Fandal, University of Dallas



Viable and Non-Viable Alternatives

Stumbling over a Non-Viable Alternative can result in a great loss of time and may leave the Alternative hunter without a real Alternative.



The Credible Deterrent

The Deterrent does not know, or care to know, what is coming. The theory is that anything or anyone, knowing that the Deterrent is waiting, will not come.

Finagle's Creed. Science is truth: don't be misled by facts. Finagle on corrections: When an error has been detected and corrected, it will be found to have been correct in the first place.—Anonymous

Gordon's First Law. If a research project is not worth doing at all, it is not worth doing well.—Anonymous

Getty's Reminder. The meek shall inherit the earth, but not its mineral rights.—Oil Millionaire J. Paul Getty

Herblock's Law. If it's good, they'll stop making it.—Cartoonist Herbert Block

Hull's Warning. Never insult an alligator until after you have crossed the river.—Former Secretary of State Cordell Hull

Jacquin's Postulate. No man's life, liberty or property are safe while the legislature is in session.—Anonymous

Marshall's Generalized Iceberg Theorem. Seven-eighths of everything can't be seen.—Anonymous

Merrill's Maxim of Instant Status. In a democracy you can be respected though poor, but don't count on it.—Author Charles Merrill Smith

Miles' Law. Where you stand depends on where you sit.—Former HEW Administrator Rufus Miles

Another of Murphy's Laws. It is impossible to make anything foolproof, because fools are so ingenious.—Anonymous

Runyon's Law. The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong, but that's the way to bet.—Author Damon Runyon

First Law of Wing Walking. Never leave hold of what you've got until you've got hold of something else.—Georgetown University Graduate Dean Donald Herzberg



World

COVER STORIES

Guns, Death and Chaos

Amid the fallout from revolution, the U.S. evacuates Iran

*The grapes are not yet ripe
And the people are already drunk on
the wine.
—Ancient Persian saying*

A revolution was spinning out of control. With nonviolent protests and uncommon discipline, the people of Iran had ended the tyranny of the Shah. Their reward was not freedom but chaos, as the forces united around Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini last week showed the first dread signs of schism. Suddenly, guns were everywhere, in every hand, as self-styled "freedom fighters" liberated weapons from police stations and army barracks. In Tehran, Tabriz and other cities, sporadic fighting raised the death toll for the week to an estimated 1,500. A bewildering motley of forces was involved: troops loyal to the Shah, ethnic separatists, mojahedeen (literally crusaders) who backed the new government of Prime Minister Mehdi Bazargan, and, ominously, Marxist fedayeen (sacrificers) who felt that the revolution had not moved far enough to the left.

Out from the underground and initially bringing with them arms supplied by the Palestine Liberation Organization, the Marxists were primarily responsible for an ugly outburst of anti-Americanism, long latent in Iran but never before so viciously expressed. At midweek, leftist gunmen attacked the U.S. embassy in downtown Tehran (see following pages), taking 70 American prisoners, killing one Iranian employee and injuring two Marines. One of the prisoners was Ambassador William Sullivan. Forces loyal to Khomeini were able to lift the siege after two hours, but the Carter Administration (as well as the British and several other Western governments) concluded that the lives of foreigners in Iran could no longer be protected. On Friday, in the first stage of an exodus from anarchy, a Pan American 707 flew from Tehran's Mehrabad Airport to Frankfurt and New York with 151 people aboard. On Saturday, under tight security provided by the Khomeini regime, chartered Pan Am 747s began the full-scale evacuation of Americans to Frankfurt and Rome.

No one seriously expected that the coalition of disparate forces that backed Khomeini's revolution would hold solidly

together for very long. But neither was it expected that the Marxists, well disciplined and well armed, would emerge so soon as a challenge to Iran's provisional government. It was plain from the beginning that the Marxists had aims that differed sharply from those of the fervent Shi'ite mullahs and their followers. But the speed and efficiency with which the Marxists moved last week raised serious questions about the ability of Khomeini

ister by the Shah. Following a bloody weekend of fighting between units of the Imperial Guard and pro-Khomeini army and armed civilians at Doshan Tappeh airbase in eastern Tehran, the army supreme command abruptly announced that it would withdraw its troops and give "full support to the wishes of the people." The army had been Bakhtiar's last prop; he resigned, as did the members of parliament.

The army's surrender to the revolution signaled not truce but further bloodshed. On the next day, Khomeini forces attacked the Lavizan barracks in northeastern Tehran, home of the crack *Javidan* guards, killing the commander and many of his troops. Using acetylene torches, the attackers cut their way through electrically locked doors to free prisoners at Evin, a jail run by the hated SAVAK secret police. There the liberators found electric whips, torture beds and other interrogation devices that justified many of the atrocity charges long leveled at SAVAK. Also attacked was the Shah's principal residence in north Tehran, Niavaran Palace. Dispirited Imperial Guards on duty there capitulated without a fight.

In the confusion that followed, revolutionary forces entered police armories and military barracks and seized weapons. Soon thousands of civilians, including teen-agers and even children, were armed with machine guns, rifles and handguns. Dozens were killed as they fumbled with unfamiliar clips and bolts. Zealous militants set up classes in weaponry at Tehran University. Captured army trucks filled with newly armed youths went careening through the city. When a woman supervisor of a Tehran orphanage told her young

charges to get rid of their guns before they got hurt, one boy snapped, "Why should we hand them over to the mullahs?"

Even the Koranic protection that has always shielded Muslim holy men from attack was shattered as discipline broke down. When a mullah and his armed companion attempted to disarm several youths near the Shahyad monument in Tehran, the mullah was shot to death. Some leftist guerrillas even attacked mosques, a sacrilegious act that would have been unthinkable a few days earlier.

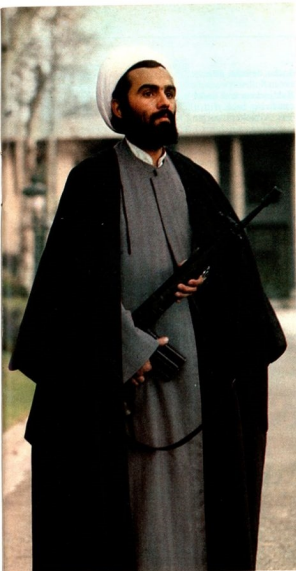


Bodies of Iranian generals* executed by firing squad
Seemingly at variance with Khomeini's ideals.

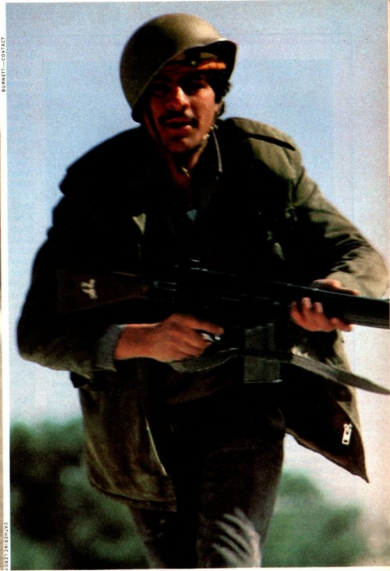
and Bazargan to hold on to the reins of revolution. When armed units of the two forces clashed during the assault on the American embassy, the split seemed as loud and decisive as the crack of a Kalashnikov rifle.

The fissures appeared shortly after the collapse, on Sunday, Feb. 11, of the 45-day-old government of Shahpour Bakhtiar, who had been appointed Prime Min-

*From bottom: SAVAK Chief Nematollah Nassiri; Mehdi Rahimi, martial-law governor of Tehran; Reza Naji, the governor-general of Isfahan; Paratrooper Commander Manuchehr Khosrowdard.



REPORT—CONTACT



1979 JAN 23/24/25

Clockwise from top left: armed mullah; guerrilla running near U.S. embassy; rebel making Molotov cocktail; Khomeini supporters under fire



1979 JAN 23/24/25



Pro-Khomeini riflemen moving in at U.S. embassy compound

"Yankee, We've Come to Do You In"



To some, it was the most shocking example yet of the virulent anti-Americanism that has surfaced during Iran's bloody revolution. To others, it was an apt symbol of American inability to influence, much less control, events in this troubled land. Last week, on the day after Ayatollah Khomeini exhorted his followers to lay down their arms, a band of 100 Iranian leftists attacked the U.S. embassy in Tehran. Barrages of machine-gun and automatic-weapons fire raked the compound. Two Marine guards were wounded and an Iranian embassy employee was killed. After two hours of skirmishing, the attackers seized the embassy and took its occupants, including Ambassador William H. Sullivan, as prisoners. It is likely that only the intervention of forces loyal to the Ayatollah, who responded to Sullivan's desperate call for help, prevented even more mayhem.

Anti-American violence has been steadily on the rise in Iran. Last December, an Iranian policeman died while se-



Ambassador Sullivan after attack

curity forces attempted to disperse a mob of demonstrators at the embassy's gates. Just before New Year's Day, dissidents attempted to crash into the compound; they were chased away by tear-gas-firing Marines. Nevertheless, the force of 19 lightly armed Marines at the compound had not been beefed up.

That force proved no match for the invaders, who were later identified by State Department experts as members of the left-wing Cherkhaye Fedaye Khalq (People's Sacrifice Guerrillas). Shortly after 10 a.m., the attackers cut loose with machine guns, pistols and automatic rifles from rooftops across the street. As the first volleys of the surprise attack hit the building, Sullivan and Colonel Leland

Holland, the defense attaché, took up a position at a command post in Sullivan's second-floor office. The Marine guards, clad in flak jackets and under instructions from Sullivan to refrain from firing back with their shotguns, lay down a cloud of tear gas. Attackers, surging against the locked gate like a human battering ram, burst into the compound. Others scaled the embassy's 12-ft. brick walls. From their posts, the Marines appealed over walkie-talkies to Sullivan (code-named "Cowboy") for permission to use their shotguns. His instructions: "If you need to protect yourselves, you may fire. If you can arrange to surrender, do so."

A squad of invaders crashed into the embassy commissary and disarmed three Marine guards. Sergeant Kenneth Kraus, 22, was wounded in the forehead and eyes by pellets from his own shotgun, which had been taken by one of the leftists. At that, Kraus was lucky. "When they burst in, one of our Iranian employees stepped in front of me," said Kraus from his hospital bed. "He took a machine gun bullet in the chest. I guess he was hurt pretty bad."

Overwhelmed by the assault, 18 Americans trapped in the embassy compound fell hostage to the attackers. They were frisked and paraded around the compound. The Ma-



Embassy personnel surrounded by armed rescue force

rines among them, who had obeyed Sullivan's order to surrender, were kicked and beaten. Inside the embassy, about 70 staffers and a few other people sought refuge in a corridor outside Sullivan's office while Marines covered their retreat. When the guerrillas burst into the embassy, the group fled to the building's east wing, where the communications equipment was housed. While some of the staffers crowded into the locked communications room, a dozen employees hastily shoved classified papers into burn bags that were thrown into an incinerator. A radio operator used a heavy sledgehammer to pulverize electronic gear and coding machines.

During this frenzied activity, there were touches of black humor. Someone noticed a case of unopened Heineken beer. Deciding it would not be a good idea for alcoholic beverages to be in evidence when the teetotaling Muslims reached the second floor, embassy staffers drank the beer. "Happy Valentine Day," someone quipped. But the joking could not disguise the fear they all felt when the guerrillas marched into their refuge. "Everybody get down," ordered a guerrilla wearing a camouflage jacket and blue work pants. "I thought we were going to die for sure," said Los Angeles Times Correspondent Kenneth Freed, who was among the captives.

Then, just as surprisingly as it had begun, the attack



Wounded employee on stretcher

ended. Almost unnoticed by the terrified Americans, a band of commandos wearing armbands with the legend ISLAMIC ARMY entered the room and quietly took over from the attackers. "You are our brothers. Don't worry," they told the Americans, before politely frisking them, escorting them down the stairs to the compound and eventually setting them free. But the rescuers, who had been dispatched to the embassy in response to Sullivan's repeated, desperate phone calls, were not able to fend off the mob that had gathered in the compound. Among others, Ambassador Sullivan was jostled, though not seriously injured, before the pro-Khomeini forces managed to clear the compound.

Photographer Kaveh Golestan, on assignment for TIME, was at the mosque at Tehran University, where a handful of people were reluctantly complying with Khomeini's command to turn in their weapons. Suddenly two Khomeini supporters rushed in announcing: "The U.S. embassy is under attack. Let's go stop it!" A Jeep quickly filled with about ten people and at least that many weapons. Reports Golestan:

The men warned me, "We don't want any photographs," but as the Jeep backed through the crowd, I climbed aboard anyway. One man perched on the hood and fired his rifle into the air to clear the crowds as we careened the wrong way down a one-way street at full speed. As we neared the embassy, we heard a fusillade of shots from machine guns, semi-automatic rifles and pistols. Then came the thump of tear-gas canisters exploding and we were enveloped in a heavy, stinging fog. We jumped off and started crawling on our bellies toward the embassy's main gate, which a crowd was trying to burst through. I was swept into a group of about 15 people, who crashed the lock and surged into the compound. Suddenly several Khomeini men pushed through the crowd and began shooting in the direction of the embassy, apparently at the attackers. A young man with a white headband moving next to me about three feet away pitched to the ground, wounded.

With all the shooting, it was impossible to tell exactly where the bullets came from or who was aiming at whom. Meanwhile, everyone was running for cover, ducking in sewer canals, behind trees and cars. As I ran, I saw someone hoist the wounded man over his shoulders and carry him back out the gate.

Inside the compound, some of the attackers were picking up telephones and randomly dialing numbers. When someone answered, they would shout: "Hey Yankee, we've come to do you in. Tell Carter he's finished." People started fires to disperse the tear gas, but whenever a fire started to get out of hand, there would be shouts of "Don't burn anything. Save it!" All the while, bullets

filled the air, ricocheting off the ground and buildings. Then several gunmen stopped firing and yelled to the others: "Stop! Orders from Khomeini."

The Khomeini men soon began to escort the American hostages out of the embassy. Several emerged, guarding an obviously frightened Oriental employee. Some young men and women ran toward the captive and tried to grab him and beat him, but the rescuers lowered their guns and ordered people to leave him alone. Moments later, an American holding a blue sport coat in his hand was escorted from the building. Somebody rushed up behind him and punched him in the head several times before his guardian fended off the assailant by firing shots into the air.

A car screeched to a halt and some Iranian air force officers, along with a harried-looking man, hurried into the compound. Looking worried, he held a bullhorn to his mouth and shouted: "I am a representative of [Prime Minister Mehdi] Bazargan. Don't shoot. Orders from Khomeini." His bullhorn was not working. Almost nobody heard him, but he went on shouting: "This shooting is a conspiracy against Khomeini."



Bazargan spokesmen calling on attackers to lay down arms

Stop shooting. For the honor of the country, please stop."

Then more shots came from the direction of the embassy. Two men carried a stretcher toward an ambulance. On it was the dead body of an Iranian man, apparently an employee of the embassy; the front of his shirt was soaked with blood from a gunshot wound. All the while, Khomeini's people were trying to clear the area of journalists. "This is bad propaganda for the government," said one.

A group of American women stepped out of the embassy in the custody of three heavily armed men. One white-haired, older woman was weeping with fright. A middle-aged woman in blue slacks was quietly talking to her captors, trying to calm herself as much as them. A young blond woman swung her fists angrily in the air to keep everybody away from her.

As I was taking pictures, a tough-looking gunman in a nylon stocking mask carrying an Uzi sub-machine gun recognized me as someone he had ordered to leave earlier. He swung his machine gun around and sternly motioned me through the gate. I caught a glimpse of Deputy Prime Minister Ibrahim Yazdi being driven into the compound in a blue Mercedes. The agitated look on his face as he surveyed the scene suggested that he was just beginning to realize how difficult the governing of post-revolutionary Iran was going to be.

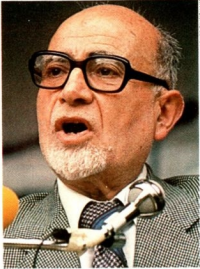


Staffers in ambassador's residence after being freed

World



Khomeini conferring with aides in Tehran headquarters as followers wait outside; Prime Minister Bazargan speaking at Tehran University



There were daily rumors of fresh invasion of embassies, prisons, hotels and barracks. In the early days the state radio and TV, dubbed "The Voice of Revolution," recklessly directed Khomeini supporters both real and imagined, where help was thought to be needed. At one point, the swaggering gunmen descended on the Inter-Continental Hotel, where most of the foreign newsmen were staying, and put on a display of guerrilla deriding-do. A colleague of Khomeini's chided them by saying, "You're only upsetting the reporters," but minor shootouts persisted throughout the day. The leader of the attack on the hotel, a former student who said his name was "Amini," agreed that it was dangerous to have so many armed civilians in the streets. But soon, he added, "they will all run out of ammunition, and when Imam Khomeini gives the word, we will take back the guns."

By the time Khomeini and his advisers realized what was happening, some 300,000 weapons were in civilian hands. In a television appeal Tuesday night, the normally somnolent Ayatullah was visibly agitated and emotional as he asked his countrymen to surrender their weapons. Failing to do so, he declared, was *haram* (forbidden by their religion). A number of weapons were turned in, but most were not, and fighting continued intermittently. By Thursday, a holiday commemorating the birth of the Prophet Muhammad, the streets of Tehran were free of gun-toting troublemakers. But only until the sun went down. After dark, the sounds of gunfire returned as unidentified rebels fired on various government and private buildings, and sometimes at random, in direct defiance of Khomeini's orders against attacks on people or property.

Meanwhile, the new revolutionary

government was acting in an arbitrary manner that seemed at variance with the Ayatullah's previously expressed democratic ideals. After hasty—and private—trials, four officials of the former regime, including the head of the Shah's hated SAVAK secret police and three generals, were executed by firing squad on charges of "torture, massacre of people, treason and earthly corruption."

Twenty-six other former officials were said to be next on the list. Still other former Premiers and armed forces commanders were subjected to televised interrogations that were little better than kangaroo court proceedings. The papers carried gruesome pictures of the murdered generals. Censorship was imposed by a regime whose leaders had always objected bitterly to the Shah's harsh treatment of the press. Newspaper editors received calls from a newly appointed

communications commissar, warning them to reflect "a proper Islamic emphasis" in their papers.

At week's end, Washington recognized Bazargan's new provisional government. The prompt way in which Khomeini forces came to the aid of the embattled embassy reassured the Carter Administration that Bazargan and the Ayatullah want to build friendly relations with the U.S. Washington was also impressed by the new government's help in arranging the airlift of the 5,000 to 7,000 Americans left in Iran. The U.S. had hoped that two chartered Pan Am jets could handle the exodus. In case of a real emergency, Washington had secured the permission of Turkey to allow six C-131 planes and five HH-53 helicopters to be flown to the NATO air base at Incirli, Turkey, some 850 miles from Tehran. These would be used if the entire community of



Muslim guerrillas, with machine gun and automatic weapons, in U.S. embassy compound

If the intent was to cause friction between Tehran and Washington, the maneuver failed.

Americans in Iran had to be withdrawn on very short notice.

Bazargan agreed that the military planes could land at Tehran's Mehrabad Airport in an emergency. The Prime Minister said he was sorry the Americans had decided to leave, and his Foreign Minister, Karim Sanjabi, said he hoped they would be able to return soon. Given the range of uncertainties in Iran today, the U.S. obviously felt it should take the more prudent course.

The doubts do not apply to Prime Minister Bazargan, 71, a respected politician known for his honesty and dour demeanor. Bazargan has described himself as a "weak donkey," ill equipped for taking on the formidable task of heading a postrevolutionary government. Last week he named part of his Cabinet, which was evenly divided between moderate politicians and Khomeini followers. Its best-known name was Foreign Minister Sanjabi, 73, head of the opposition National Front. Also included was Ibrahim Yazdi, 47, a former cancer researcher at Baylor University in Texas, who served as Khomeini's aide-de-camp in Paris; he was given the rather grim title of Deputy Prime Minister for Revolutionary Affairs.

U.S. officials were not unhappy with Bazargan's choices, even though little is known about the political and social views of some of the men identified as Khomeini aides. Many Iranians, however, felt that it was a lackluster crew, as did some foreign diplomats. "Bazargan told us last week not to expect too much," said one, "and he turned out to be right." The most notable voices of dissatisfaction were heard at Tehran University, where radical students are in no mood for any kind of conservatism. "I'm not happy with Bazargan's government," said Mariam Nazari, 17, a politically active student. "It's like the Pahlavi regime, but with a different name. We don't accept the Cabinet, and if everyone listens to the Ayatullah, we won't have a revolutionary republic. Iran is not just for the mullahs."

The headquarters of the revolution were in a highly improbable setting: the Alavi elementary school in the bazaar section of Tehran where Khomeini lived. There, in two cramped and dingy rooms on the second floor, he would shuffle to the window a dozen times a day to greet the unending sea of believers who came to hail him. Elsewhere in the same school, in a drab classroom furnished with three desks, a file cabinet and a typewriter, Prime Minister Bazargan ran the government. He sat cross-legged on a rug-covered wooden platform where he took his meals, greeted visitors and prayed.

One of Bazargan's major problems is what to do with officials identified with the old regime. He and ex-Prime Minister Bakhtiar are longtime friends and colleagues in opposition to the Shah. For a while last week, Bazargan saw to it that Bakhtiar was given a secret refuge in Tehran. But after the British Broadcasting



Corporation reported that he was aiding the ousted Prime Minister, Bazargan came under such strong pressure from pro-Khomeini forces that he had to surrender custody of Bakhtiar. Many educated Iranians feel that Bakhtiar was acting out of a sense of patriotic duty in accepting last month a post comparable to the command of the *Titanic*. Had he refused the Shah's offer, Bakhtiar might have been the Ayatullah's best choice to head the provisional government. But to most revolutionaries, he is simply the man who stood in the way of Khomeini's Islamic republic.

Whether or not Bakhtiar escapes death, others certainly will be subjected to the harsh justice of the revolution. Early last week Iran television presented

interviews with some of the more notorious leaders of the Shah's regime. Three nights before he was executed, General Nematollah Nassiri, looking like a frightened rabbit, was interrogated by two local reporters. When he failed to respond fast enough to a question about who had ordered SAVAK to torture its prisoners, a masked militiaman prodded him and whispered, "Say the Shah, say the Shah." Nassiri wore a bandage on his head and talked as if his throat had been beaten. The station was flooded with calls protesting the appearance of an obviously injured man. "We overthrew the Shah because of his violation of democracy and human rights," complained a Tehran businessman. "It would be absurd to begin our republic by indulging in just such tactics."

The television "press conferences," disconcertingly reminiscent of Soviet show trials, went on nonetheless. Another victim brought out for questioning was former Prime Minister Amir Abbas Hoveida, who had been arrested by the Shah last November on assorted corruption charges. Hoveida looked ill, but more than held his own in sharp exchanges with Deputy Prime Minister Yazdi. Among other things, Hoveida made it clear to the audience that he had surrendered voluntarily to Khomeini forces after the guards of the prison where he was held had fled. "You didn't detain me," Hoveida said. "I came here voluntarily." Turning aside Yazdi's taunting interrogatories, Hoveida said simply: "When there is a trial, I will answer questions."

Another perplexing problem was the growing tension between the military forces loyal to Khomeini and the leftist fedayeen. The former, who probably number between 10,000 and 15,000 throughout the country, are devout Shiite Muslims. For several years the mo-



As Khomeini troops guard the evacuation point, an American (right) prepares to leave Iran. Given the range of uncertainties, the U.S. felt it should take the more prudent course.

World

jahedeen conducted a terrorist campaign aimed at, among others, American businessmen and military officers based in Iran. But last week they were among those most willing to obey Khomeini's order to lay down their arms.

The fedayeen, who are somewhat fewer in number but better trained, trace their origins to the political oppression of the early 1960s. They are sometimes linked to the "Saikh" partisans, who attacked a village of that name near the Caspian Sea in 1965. U.S. intelligence analysts believe that last week's attack on the American embassy, as well as a raid on the Moroccan embassy, was the work of a fedayeen splinter group called the Cherkhaye Fedaye Khalq (People's Sacrifice Guerrillas). This group is believed to have received training and aid over the years from Libya and radical Palestinians. Though Marxist in ideology, it is not considered necessarily to be under the control of Moscow or Iran's Tudeh (Communist) party.

Trouble between the mojahedeen and the fedayeen broke out last week almost as soon as the Bakhtiari government fell. Both groups claim responsibility for maintaining security, and there were minor clashes at various government ministries in Tehran. On Wednesday the fedayeen announced a five-point program for establishing a true "people's army" and a "revolutionary council," a plan that would obviously increase their voice in the new government. In Tabriz, the mojahedeen and the fedayeen were reportedly dividing up the city and digging trenches for defense, much as the Palestinian fedayeen and the Christian phalangists did in Beirut during the Lebanese civil war.

The fedayeen's most spectacular feat was their brief capture of the American embassy. What were they trying to prove? The best guess is that having fought with Khomeini's forces against the Shah, the fedayeen were trying to cause friction between Khomeini and the U.S.

If that was the case, the maneuver failed. In Washington, the Administration, already preoccupied with the murder of Ambassador Adolph Dubs in Afghanistan (see following story), thought for a while that it had a double crisis on its hands. Only when he learned at dawn Wednesday that the leftist invaders had been expelled from the embassy and that Khomeini loyalists were shielding the American compound did Carter decide to proceed with his state visit to Mexico.

The cooperation shown by the Khomeini forces fortified the delicate bonds of trust that had been nurtured in recent days as U.S. diplomatic envoys pursued clandestine talks with Bazargan and his advisers. At his Monday press conference, 36 hours before the embassy assault, Carter noted that Bazargan's followers had been "very helpful in ensuring the safety of Americans, and we have been consulting with them very closely." Secretary of

Sullivan—Cool Salesman

The spiral staircase leading to the ambassador's office on the second floor of the American mission in Tehran is lined with photographs of the Shah posing with every U.S. President from F.D.R. to Jimmy Carter. In the ambassador's own living quarters, there hangs a lacquered painting of a peaceful Vietnamese peasant scene with a simple inscription: "To my friend Bill Sullivan." The signature is that of South Viet Nam's ex-President Nguyen Van Thieu.

William H. Sullivan, 56, who played a major role in shaping U.S. policy in Southeast Asia, has been Washington's man in Iran since 1977. Last week, as he was held hostage in his own embassy, the irony of those mementos was apparent. "They shot up my home, my office and the chancery—an interesting Valentine's Day," said the ambassador. "You win some, you lose some."

Sullivan's *sang-froid* was characteristic; he is known in diplomatic circles as a self-assured salesman of policy, cool under stress and adroit at coping with diplomatic delicacies. "I think he's got water for blood," says Eugene Lawson, a former State Department colleague who is now a director at Georgetown University's foreign service school. "He's a collected, shrewd guy who always seems to land on his feet."

A career diplomat for 32 years, Sullivan graduated from Tufts' Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy and joined the State Department in 1947 after a three-year stint in the Navy. His first overseas assignment, to Thailand, was followed by posts in Calcutta, Tokyo, Rome and The Hague. In 1962 he was tapped as deputy of the American delegation to the Laos neutrality conference in Geneva by then Assistant Secretary of State W. Averell Harriman, who admired Sullivan's

ability "to see the other fellow's point of view."

Sullivan was regarded as a Harriman protégé and as an expert on Southeast Asia. During his five-year assignment (1964-69) as Ambassador to Laos, he caught the eye of Henry Kissinger. As Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs from 1969 to 1973, Sullivan played a major role in the Viet Nam peace negotiations. But he also earned the enmity of antiwar activists, for he had directed the secret U.S. bombing of Pathet Lao targets in Laos. He later admitted withholding the truth about the raids from visiting members of Congress.

In 1973 Sullivan was named U.S. Ambassador to the Philippines, where he skillfully handled delicate negotiations over the extension of U.S. leases on its military bases there. His nomination as Ambassador to Iran was among the first made by the new Carter Administration. Had he been proposed later, there is some question as to whether Sullivan would have been approved by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Liberals on the committee had reservations about his role in Viet Nam and his reputation for favoring authoritarian regimes.

In Tehran Sullivan initially reinforced the policy of his predecessor, former CIA Director Richard Helms, that embassy staffers should avoid contact with the Shah's opposition. Sullivan later reversed that position when the dimensions of the protest became apparent. American businessmen in Iran have found the silver-tongued envoy approachable and friendly, but many complain that he kept them in the dark about U.S. plans and perceptions. One of Sullivan's own insights was oddly prescient. After taking over the embassy in June 1977, he was asked about parallels between Tehran and Vientiane. His reply: "We ran Laos, but in Iran, which is tremendously important to us, there's not much we or anyone else can do."



Ambassador Sullivan (right) with Henry Kissinger

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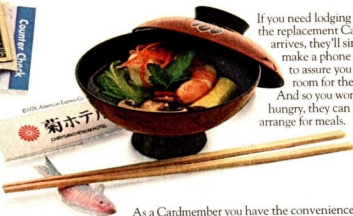
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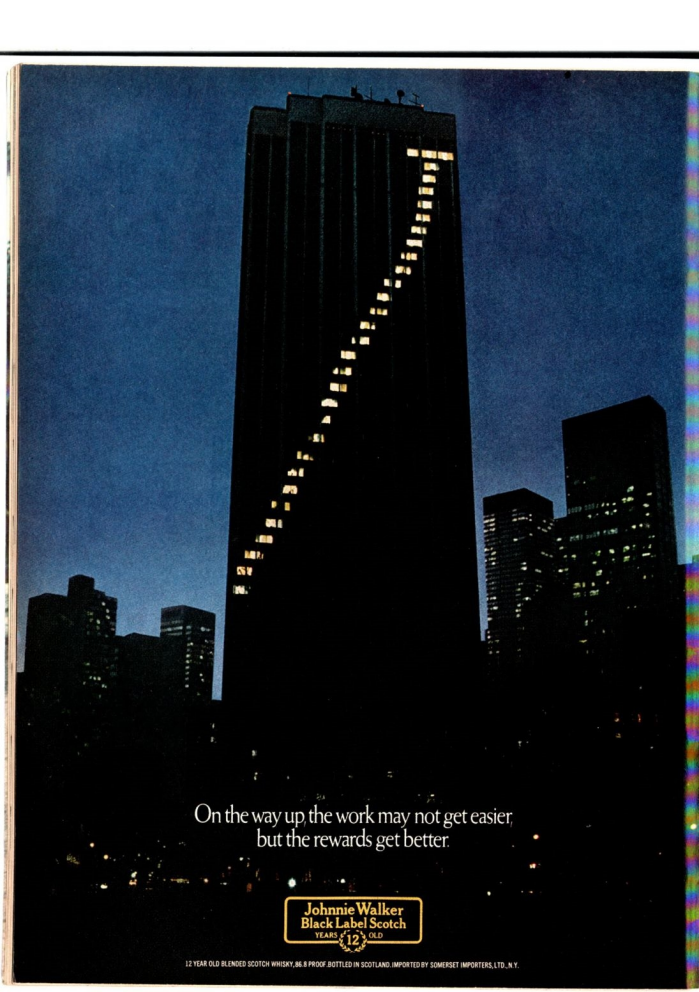
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A tall, dark skyscraper dominates the center of the frame against a deep blue night sky. A diagonal line of windows on its right side is illuminated from within, creating a bright path that starts near the base and extends towards the top. To the right, another skyscraper is partially visible, also with some lit windows. The foreground is dark, with some distant city lights visible at the bottom.

On the way up, the work may not get easier,
but the rewards get better.

Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch
YEARS 12 OLD

12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF, BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND, IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.



General Nassiri shortly before his execution

State Vance told TIME Correspondent William Drozdiak: "A number of individuals in the new Iranian government studied in the U.S., and will bring to bear the expertise and talents they acquired during their time here. I do think Iran will have a more nonaligned policy in the future, but we can find common ground and work together."

One thing that apparently helped matters was Washington's decision not to take drastic action concerning the sophisticated F-14 fighter planes and Phoenix missiles that belong to Iran. The U.S. Government decided it was more prudent to trust the Khomeini forces with preventing the planes from falling into Soviet hands than to chart a treacherous course of blowing up the planes or seeking to fly them to a safe destination. Pentagon officials said that the critical electronic guidance systems the Soviets would like to confiscate and study have been safely transplanted to secure locations. But the radar dishes along Iran's northern border with the Soviet Union are still targeted for destruction if they should be placed in jeopardy. The radar sites are used for monitoring Soviet missile launchings and air and troop movement. They are important for U.S. defense, but will be less crucial after the reopening of U.S. intelligence-gathering bases in Turkey later this year.

What angered the Carter Administration as much as anything else about the embassy affair was the way in which the Soviet Union tried to exploit the incident for its own ends. The official news agency Tass charged that the embassy attack had been inspired by remnants of SAVAK, under orders of the CIA, to create a pretext for U.S. intervention. The Soviet press further declared that Washington was trying to provoke a split in Iran be-

tween the new regime's "religious section" and the "left forces."

In Moscow, Ambassador Malcolm Toon called on Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko and expressed U.S. displeasure over the affair. Toon pointedly asked Gromyko to "consider the damaging effects of such propaganda on stability in Iran and on U.S.-Soviet relations." He was referring to the current SALT negotiations; an agreement may be ready for signing in the spring by Carter and Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev. Western diplomats in Moscow believe the Soviets are as concerned as the U.S. about the chaos in Iran. Says one: "They have no better idea of what is going to happen in Iran than Washington does—and Washington has none."

Since Bazargan has yet to name his Finance Minister, no one has any clues as to the economic policies of the new Islamic republic. Last week the government expropriated all properties and interests of the Shah's family in Iran, which were estimated to be worth billions before the crisis. Whether or not that marks the first step toward socialism, as it may, Bazargan desperately needs to get his country's paralyzed economy moving again.

Shops in the bazaar have been shuttered for six months. Striking government employees have not worked for almost as long. Millions are unemployed, prices are spiraling for the few goods available, and crime is rampant. It has not even been possible to get married legally since last fall, because license bureaus have been closed; many mullahs, though, have been performing ceremonies at home.

The Ayatullah bears much of the blame for the paralysis. From his place of exile near Paris last fall, he ordered

his countrymen to go on strike against the Shah, and they obeyed. Last week Khomeini, his revolution triumphant, ordered Iranians to go back to work, and most were eager to do so. On Saturday the bazaar reopened at long last, and streets were clogged with traffic. More important, workers in the oil fields were apparently heading back to their jobs.

With so much at stake, it is almost frightening for Iranians to realize how much of their national destiny rests on the health and vision of one 78-year-old holy man. There are Khomeini posters everywhere, not to mention Khomeini coins, plaques, plates, ash trays, calendars and T shirts. The faithful wait in line for hours to catch a glimpse of him, and the truly lucky get close enough to toss a shawl or a handkerchief in his direction. Some Westernized Iranians are not particularly impressed by this evidence of a personality cult abuilding. "We didn't take down the Shah's picture merely to put up the Ayatullah's," complained a university student last week. But many of his countrymen do not agree with this view.

Like most revolutions, the one in Iran has enemies both beyond and within its ranks. Prior to Khomeini's victory, the most serious threat was from military leaders loyal to the Shah, who is currently in Morocco and said to be considering abdicating. Now the threat is posed by impatient young Marxists eager to expand and control the revolution. Their next step could prove crucial. Says a U.S. expert on Iran: "If things should reach the point where the revolution is threatened, and the idea of an Islamic republic is in jeopardy, it would not be surprising to see Khomeini call for an armed putsch of his erstwhile allies." In short, there is still no final answer to the question of who rules Iran.



Khomeini loyalists smashing door in prison compound in order to free political prisoners
Their reward was not freedom but chaos, as the first dread signs of schism appeared.



World

Death Behind a Keyhole

Protests over a perverse tragedy in Afghanistan

Since taking over as U.S. Ambassador to Afghanistan last July, Adolph Dubs, 58, an affable 29-year career diplomat known to all as "Spike," had traveled a similar route to his office every day, without a security escort and without incident. There was a winding drive from his residence, skirting the old bazaar district, then a fast stretch to his embassy on the edge of Kabul. Last week Dubs' routine led to his abduction and death—and an international uproar that put still more stress on U.S.-Soviet relations.

As Dubs reached a midtown intersection last Wednesday morning, on schedule at 8:45 a.m., four armed attackers, one of whom was dressed as a Kabul traffic policeman, stopped his chauffeur-driven Oldsmobile at gunpoint and jumped into the car. The abductors, believed to be right-wing Shi'ite Muslims opposed to Afghanistan's pro-Soviet regime, ordered their captive to drive to the Kabul Hotel, located near the Defense Ministry.

From room 117 on the hotel's second floor, they issued their demand for Dubs' life: the immediate release of three insurgent Muslim leaders jailed last month. Within minutes, police cordoned off the hotel and Afghan security forces took charge. Senior U.S. embassy diplomats at the scene were excluded from a crisis command post. In it were Afghan security

chiefs, military officers and, significantly, Sergei Bakhturin, the Soviet embassy's chief security officer, and a Soviet adviser to the Afghan police.

Frenzied attempts to negotiate with the terrorists through the keyhole of 117 proved inconclusive. Other U.S. officials attempting to establish contact with President Noor Mohammed Taraki or high-ranking Afghan officials were shunted off to a Deputy Foreign Minister.

Alerted at home in Washington at 1 a.m. (E.S.T.), after urgent high-speed cables clattered simultaneously into the State Department, Pentagon and White House, Secretary Cyrus Vance issued firm instructions by telephone to the embassy in Kabul: Urge the Afghan government to exercise "extreme discretion" and take no chances that could further endanger Dubs' life. The State Department also contacted Moscow with a similar plea.

These demands for restraint went unheeded. Afghan officials later argued that they had received a ten-minute ultimatum from the terrorists, and had heard an unexplained shot inside the hotel seconds before they acted. At 12:50 p.m. Afghan army commands and police stormed the room with a 40-second assault that one eyewitness described as "a complete holocaust" of gunfire and explosions. In the cordite smoke, Dubs was found slumped in a chair, dying of multiple wounds; it was unclear whose bullets had hit him. Afghan officials later exhibited what they claimed were the four bullet-ridden bodies of the terrorists.

The State Department pinned the blame for the reckless decision to attack on the two Soviets, and summoned Moscow's Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin to protest the Soviet role "in the strongest terms." In Moscow, U.S. Ambassador Malcolm Toon delivered an equally forceful remonstrance to Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. But Moscow disclaimed "any responsibility," and from Kabul, TIME Correspondent Lawrence Malkin reported a widespread impression that the attack decision had been made by the Afghans, not the Russians.

The shootout in the Kabul Hotel could turn out to be a major test for Afghan Strongman Taraki. Ever since the 61-year-old former leftist journalist seized power last April in a Soviet-backed coup, he has been pestered by mounting tribal and religious insurgency in the rugged eastern Afghan mountains. Now the rightist Muslim rebels, perhaps emboldened by the Shi'ite success in Iran, have shown they could strike close to home. The perverse tragedy of Spike Dubs was that guerrillas fighting a pro-Soviet regime had picked an American to show the world their rebellion. ■



Egyptian Prime Minister Moustafa Khalil

Reassuring Some Friends

Goal of a Middle East tour

The seemingly endless turmoil in Iran overshadowed a coming event that is also crucial to U.S. interests in the Middle East. Next week Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan and Premier Moustafa Khalil will resume the Israeli-Egyptian dialogue at Camp David, with the guiding presence of Secretary of State Cyrus Vance. Clearly there is no hope for stability in the Middle East without a peace treaty between Egypt and Israel. That vital first step, if it can be taken, would go a long way toward reassuring a number of nervous nations in the region about America's intentions and commitments.

Providing a bit of that reassurance was one of the main goals of a ten-day, four-country tour of the area by Harold Brown—the first visit ever to the Middle East by an incumbent U.S. Secretary of Defense. "The trip is intended as a demonstration that the U.S. recognizes the strategic importance of the region," a senior defense official told TIME Correspondent Don Sider, who accompanied Brown. "It is our purpose to convey the reassurance that we will stand by our friends against external threats."

The first reverberations from the shock waves of Iran were felt by Brown and his 20-member party in Riyadh, where the Secretary was greeted by skirling bagpipers of the Royal Guard. Although their subsequent conversation was amiable, Crown Prince Fahd inexplicably kept Brown cooling his heels for two hours before a scheduled meeting. Talks with his Saudi counterpart, Minister of Defense and Aviation Prince Sultan, were



Murder Victim Adolph Dubs

All demands for restraint went unheeded.



Harold Brown with Israeli Defense Minister Ezer Weizman in the Sinai; with Prince Sultan, Saudi Arabian Defense Minister, at Dhahran airport
To demonstrate the strategic importance of the region, the first visit ever to the Middle East by an incumbent U.S. Secretary of Defense.

also cordial. The American visitors were surprised, however, that the prince did not ask for specifics when Brown proposed a heightened U.S. military presence in the region. The Secretary had carefully set the groundwork for a discussion of that subject by outlining his—and the Administration's—three-point program for Middle Eastern stability:

- ▶ Security through U.S. arms support and military backing, if necessary.
- ▶ Internal and multinational economic development.
- ▶ Peace between Israel and her Arab neighbors.

In Jordan, King Hussein kept his American-born wife Queen Nur. Brown's wife Colene and other guests waiting more than two hours for a formal dinner while he and Brown held what was later described as a "frank and fervent" discussion. All went smoothly until Israel became the subject: the King reportedly was adamant about the need for guarantees of the return of the West Bank and East Jerusalem to Arab sovereignty, and for a satisfactory resolution of the problem of Jewish settlements in the occupied territories.

In Israel there were some upbeat signs. As Dayan prepared to set off for the Camp David talks, Israeli Defense Minister Ezer Weizman told TIME Jerusalem Bureau Chief Dean Fischer that he thought the Camp David negotiations would reach "a positive conclusion." Weizman added simply: "I believe that our future and Egypt's future lie together." He did not, however, discuss the vexing problem of "linkage"—Egypt's insistence that a bilateral peace agreement with Israel must be tied in some way to a plan for giving autonomy to the West Bank and Gaza.

Still, Dayan provided some hints that the Israelis were preparing to be concil-

iatory on the Palestinian issue. The Foreign Minister touched off a stormy debate both among Knesset members and in the country as a whole by suggesting that the Palestine Liberation Organization had a rightful role to play in the peace process. Said Dayan: "The P.L.O. is not a state, but we cannot deny its position or its value in the conflict and eventually, in order to reach a solution." P.L.O. Leader Yasser Arafat dismissed Dayan's words as a "Zionist tap dance."

Dayan's words may have helped balance the apparently deliberate leak within Israel of a harsher version of the government plan for eventual Palestinian "autonomy." The plan, drawn up by a committee headed by a top aide of Premier Menachem Begin, proposed a continuing Israeli army responsibility for both the internal and external security of the West Bank and Gaza. It also endorsed the right of Israelis to settle there. Although only one of several options that will be presented to the Cabinet for approval, the plan raised serious doubts about whether Israel is prepared to give meaningful self-rule to the 1.1 million Palestinians in those territories.

The Israelis are deeply concerned that the unrest in Iran could spread within the Arab world. They also feel that the collapse of this once staunch Muslim (but non-Arab) ally of the West ought to enhance Israel's own strategic importance in Washington's eyes. How that attitude will be reflected at Camp David is not clear, although State Department officials went out of their way to indicate that the talks would not be "a make-or-break effort." The first stage, lasting from three to five days, will consist of discussions among Vance, Dayan and Khalil. Neither the Israelis nor the Egyptians will have authority to make final decisions on

the language of the treaty. If Begin's Cabinet is satisfied by Dayan's report on the first round of talks, it will authorize Dayan to return to the U.S. to negotiate the finishing touches of the draft treaty. If this succeeds, the documents could then be signed by Begin and Egyptian President Anwar Sadat in early March.

The Israelis were initially encouraged last week by a Sadat statement in which he noted that Iran had underscored "the need to realize peace now in order to avoid further unrest in the region." But as Brown discovered during his three-day visit to Cairo, the Egyptians are pessimistic about the Camp David talks. "Iran has changed everything," a senior Egyptian official told TIME Cairo Bureau Chief Dean Brelis. "There is serious doubt about Israel's intent to make peace. A duty has fallen on the U.S. to respond not as a superpower but as a friend of the Arabs." Added another official: "Camp David is no longer our No. 1 priority." What alarmed the Egyptians was the specter of a highly armed, militant Iran making common cause with such radically anti-Israel Arab states as Iraq and Libya. P.L.O. Leader Arafat was reported to have conferred with Ayatullah Khomeini in Tehran last weekend, and the Iranians have declared their intention of turning the sacked Israeli mission in Tehran into a Palestinian embassy.

Egypt is understandably anxious to avoid finding itself totally isolated as a peacemaker in the Arab world, should the talks with Israel collapse. For Brown and for Carter, to whom the Secretary will report immediately on his return to Washington, the hours of talks with Sadat offered an alarming perspective on just how volatile the Middle East might be without a peace accord.



World

The "Sick Man" Suffers a Relapse

Worries about a familiar nightmare in near bankrupt Turkey

Terrorist gun battles and frequent political assassinations. A fratricidal massacre involving warring Muslim sects. Martial law in a third of the country. Shortages of basic commodities and foodstuffs. Unemployment higher than in any continental European country. Inflation that has soared beyond any citizen's desire to measure it.

That description of embryonic anarchy applies not to Iran but to its neighbor, Turkey, where the original "sick man" of 19th century politics appears to have suffered a severe relapse. Last week, a high Israeli official warned that "Turkey will fall as Iran did." Though less pessimistically, a State Department official in Washington agreed that it would be tragic for NATO if it were to lose its second biggest land army and its network of

Despite moments of political instability that included two bloodless military coups (in 1960 and 1971), Turkey has a functioning parliamentary democracy that provides a valuable safety valve for venting popular discontent. The people can vote out a regime that they do not like. Says Orhan Kologlu, a spokesman for Premier Bülent Ecevit: "There is no need for a revolution to allow the people to express their feelings."

Nevertheless, politicians and Western observers believe that the incendiary mixture of the country's internal crisis—rampant terrorism and a near bankrupt economy—does make Turkey potentially explosive. At the least, continued economic deterioration could sorely impair Turkey's effectiveness as a NATO ally. At worst, if inflation and unemployment are

of their homes. The massacre forced Ecevit, an accomplished poet and a prideful civil libertarian, to declare martial law in 13 of Turkey's 67 provinces.

Violence has been intensified by social tensions arising from the economic crisis. Turkey never recovered from the oil price hikes of 1973-74; it has teetered on the edge of bankruptcy since. Turkey has run out of foreign exchange, and its foreign debt has tripled since 1970, to \$12 billion. The government says the annual inflation rate is 42%, but independent estimates put it closer to 60%. An industrial slump has idled half of plant capacity and pushed unemployment to 20%. There are daily blackouts of electrical power, and shortages of everything from margarine to light bulbs. Even traditional Turkish coffee is in short supply; replacements are tea and Nescafé. At a recent session of parliament, a fistfight broke out on the floor after an opposition deputy complained that "the streets are full of black market cigarettes"—to which the Customs Minister snapped back, "You probably have some in your pockets!"

Since no party in parliament commands a solid majority, many politicians believe the only hope for a strong government that could impose national belt-tightening lies in a grand coalition between the two biggest political groups: Ecevit's social-democratic Republican People's Party and the main opposition, former Premier Süleyman Demirel's conservative Justice Party. In response to public outrage over the İpeki assassinations last week, there were some signs of renewed political moves toward such a government of national unity, even though Ecevit and Demirel are notorious personal antagonists.

The Soviet Union has been glad to offer \$1.8 billion in economic aid over the past decade as part of its courtship aimed at loosening Turkey's ties with NATO. However, despite friendly recent gestures of his own toward Moscow, Ecevit is considered a confirmed Westerner who has no intention of allowing Turkey to drift into neutralism.

Turkish-American relations have decidedly improved since the lifting of the U.S. arms embargo, which had deeply embittered a longtime ally. The continued solidity and loyalty of this large democratic nation bordering on the Soviet Union is important to the West. Turkey provides NATO with airfields, supply and ammunition depots, communication and surveillance stations to monitor Soviet air and naval activities, missile and nuclear-weapons tests.

Lately, Ecevit has been passing the hat among the Western powers and the International Monetary Fund with a forceful pitch for the financial rescue of his country. A simple glance at the map—by the light of the flames in Iran—provides him with a powerful new argument.



A NATO early-warning radar station near the Soviet border in Turkey

Passing the hat in the West, the Premier had a forceful new argument.

intelligence listening posts next to the Soviet Union. There are some ominous similarities between the situation in Turkey and the roots of the trouble in Iran, but, concludes TIME Rome Bureau Chief Wilton Wynn after a ten-day tour of Turkey, there are important differences. Wynn's analysis:

Turkey does not have the authoritarian one-man rule of a Shah as a unifying target for fragmented opposition. Modernization began earlier and was less hectic. It also produced a wider distribution of wealth and a stronger middle class than it did in Iran. Turkey's overwhelmingly Muslim population of 40 million includes 6 million Shi'ites, who are spiritual kin to those in Iran. But thanks to the secularization imposed on Turkey by its modern (1923) founder, Kemal Atatürk, religion is not nearly the force it has always been in Iran.

not checked, the radical extremes could erode the political middle, polarize the population, and set the stage for the familiar nightmare: civil war under banners of fanatical right and left.

As it is, rival gangs of armed youths have carried on a running feud that claimed more than 1,000 lives in 1978 and 30 so far this year. There are signs that the terrorists will now turn to selective assassination of moderate targets like Abdi İpeki, the influential editor of Istanbul's daily *Milliyet*, whose unsolved murder early this month shocked the country. At the same time, sectarian clashes have broken out between Sunni Muslims, who tend to be right-wingers, and Shi'ite Muslims, who tend toward the left. Last December at Maraş in central Turkey, the Sunnis went on a rampage. In retaliation for a street clash, they killed more than 100 Shi'ites and burned hundreds of others out

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World

SOUTHEAST ASIA

Brinkmanship on a Hot Border

China launches a "punitive action" against Viet Nam

China has launched an aggressive war all along the border of our country." With that terse statement, Hanoi radio announced Saturday that Chinese troops, which had been massed along the Vietnamese border since Hanoi's invasion of Cambodia, had poured into Viet Nam at several points along their joint frontier. Hanoi charged that before the predawn attack, the Chinese had softened up the Vietnamese with long-range artillery, followed by infantry and tank assaults. By the end of the day, Chinese forces had advanced as much as six miles into Vietnamese territory.

Peking's official news agency, Hsin-hua, called the expedition a "counterattack to defend the country's borders." Most observers believed that the Chinese would withdraw after "punishing" the Vietnamese. But U.S. officials were nonetheless alarmed by the ominous step-up in tensions between the erstwhile allies. The administration called on both nations to withdraw their respective forces from foreign territory, and also urged the Soviet Union, now Hanoi's chief patron and bankroller, to act with restraint. Said State Department Spokesman Hodding Carter III at a hastily called press conference: "We are committed to the territorial integrity of all nations."

The Chinese and the Vietnamese have been exchanging insults and occasional gunfire along their mountainous 480-mile-long common border since last spring, when Hanoi forced an exodus of Chinese nationals who had lived in Viet Nam for years. But since December, the level of violence and inactivity has risen sharply, with shootings, cross-border raids and other clashes now occurring at a rate of about 30 a week.

Before the Chinese action, Viet Nam's Foreign Minister Nguyen Duy Trinh had denounced what he described as "feverish war preparations" by Peking, including the massing of 20 divisions along the frontier. Trinh also called on the United Nations to "examine the grave situation" and move to defuse it. The Soviet Union entered the rhetorical fray by warning Peking not to "overstep the forbidden line" in its quarrel with Hanoi.

What that line is remains unclear, and how Moscow might respond if it is crossed remains perhaps the most troublesome question of all. Australia's Foreign Minister, Andrew Peacock, for one, fretted last week that if the Indochina squabble got much hotter and broader there "would be grave implications for both the region and beyond."



Boundary stone

While the Vietnamese have deployed around 100,000 troops along the frontier, it is the size of the Chinese buildup that has caused most concern. Along the frontier in the provinces of Yunnan, Kwangsi and Kwangtung, the Chinese have gathered an estimated 150,000 troops, some of them rushed from positions facing Taiwan. In the past week or so, the frontier forces were bolstered by the arrival of several hundred Chinese fighter planes. At the same time, Chinese forces along the Soviet border in Sinkiang province went to full alert, and civilians were reportedly being evacuated from those areas. Said a China-watcher in Hong Kong: "No amount of paranoia could account for the size of this buildup. The Chinese are preparing for something."

The Soviets evidently agree. They have kept two small task forces, including warships, steaming off the Viet Nam coast, with the apparent aim of monitoring Chinese military communications as well as showing Soviet support for Hanoi. The U.S., for its part, has kept two Seventh Fleet aircraft carriers, the *Constellation* and the *Midway*, poised near by to discourage any rash action.

China, the country that Mao Tse-tung promised would always be Viet Nam's "reliable rear area," began to get really exercised about its neighbor's actions last Christmas when the Vietnamese invaded Cambodia, whose regime was a Chinese client. After Viet Nam's forces ran Premier Pol Pot out of Cambodia's capital, Phnom-Penh, and seized control of that country's other cities last month, China's

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A freight car blocking the Sino-Viet Nam Friendship Bridge, now closed to all traffic

Cattle rustling, cross-border raids, and now charges of "feverish war preparations."

Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-p'ing began talking of taking "punitive action."

Already, Friendship Pass, across which Mao fed Ho Chi Minh's war against South Viet Nam and the U.S., has been stitched closed by the Chinese with barbed wire. Other routes are seeded with land mines or pocked with foxholes. A day seldom passes without Peking and Hanoi each blaming the other for a new string of incidents.

China's aim in keeping the border hostilities hot is fairly obvious: to try to draw some Vietnamese forces out of Cambodia and thus help Pol Pot's resistance effort. The Chinese also want to restore their dented image as a power to be reckoned with.

Viet Nam's motives for twisting the dragon's tail are much less clear. Hanoi might have convinced itself that even a limited Chinese thrust into Viet Nam would bring swift retaliation by some of the Soviet forces arrayed along China's western and northern frontiers. But as for why such tail twisting should now be so popular in Hanoi, some Western observers can only speculate that it is a sign that a group of hard-lining expansionists, led by General Vo Nguyen Giap and Army Chief of Staff Van Tien Dung, are gaining supremacy in the Vietnamese Politburo.

Ironically, Hanoi's muscle flexing all over Indochina threatens to weaken further Viet Nam's already seriously strained resources. In addition to the 130,000



World

troops Hanoi has sent into Cambodia, it has 30,000 in Laos; because 160,000 skilled Laotians have fled the country, Hanoi's troops now have to help run the nation. Meanwhile, Viet Nam's own economy is collapsing. Exports have dropped sharply, and food production is way down; last year the grain crop was a record 4.3 million tons below what was needed to feed Viet Nam's 51 million people. Unemployment is so serious that even the Hanoi daily *Nhan Dan* publicly laments that "hundreds of thousands of people remain jobless."

Inevitably, Viet Nam's woes will in-

crease Hanoi's dependence on Moscow, to which the regime already owes \$6 billion. "Through ambition, ineptitude and, one suspects, plain stupidity," says Patrick J. Honey, a longtime Viet Nam analyst at the University of London, "the Vietnamese Communist leaders have brought their own country to the brink of famine and economic ruin. They have provided a foothold for the Soviet Union in Southeast Asia, jeopardized Viet Nam's own national independence and brought the possibility of large-scale conflict to the region once more." As this week began, that possibility loomed larger than ever.

He acknowledged that "if the plane was fired on, it can only have been our chaps." Alas, he said, his guerrillas hit the wrong aircraft: they had intended to kill Walls and had reason to believe he was on the first plane. So, Nkomo insisted, it was Walls who was "responsible for the deaths of all these other people because he is the biggest military target."

If Nkomo's logic seemed odd, the moral that Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith drew from the episode was only a bit less strained. He charged that the U.S. and Britain were in part responsible for the RH-827 tragedy because they encouraged terrorism by their failure to support the Smith-led government. The reaction of Co-Minister of Transport James Chikema, a former guerrilla leader, was more straightforward. Said he: "It is a tragedy so serious that if it is established again that Nkomo's people did it, Nkomo should not weep if we retaliate."

After last September's incident, government troops raided guerrilla bases across the border in Zambia, killing some 1,500 people who they claimed were guerrillas and who Nkomo claimed were mostly innocent civilians. This time the Rhodesian reaction was equally swift: Rhodesian jets whistled down on several guerrilla bases in southern Zambia, bombing and rocketing the primitive rural camps. Rhodesia termed the raids successful, but what effect they will have on the war is another matter. The Patriotic Front forces of Nkomo and Robert Mugabe are now in control of large areas of the Rhodesian bush. Besides reserve forces in neighboring countries, the Patriotic Front has an estimated 12,000 guerrillas inside Rhodesia, which is just about as many men as the Salisbury government has on active duty. Fully 90% of Rhodesia is now under some form of martial law.

The attack on RH-827 was yet another indication of the guerrillas' growing strength and further proof that Nkomo seems determined to raise as much havoc as he can before the spring election. Late in January, Rhodesia's white minority overwhelmingly approved a referendum committing them to join 2.8 million black voters at the polls on April 20 to elect a majority-rule government that Smith hopes will gain international recognition as legitimate.

Although the Viscount crash increased white Rhodesians' defiance, it also deepened their feeling of encirclement. Joking references to the Kariba-Salisbury air route as "Flight SAM-7" that were voiced in Salisbury after September's attack were not repeated last week. Indeed, whites' feelings of vulnerability were further heightened by the experience of the Viscount sent out to survey the RH-827 crash site. Flying low to reduce the risk of being hit by a missile, the pilot felt a slight jar and thought the plane had struck a bird. After it landed, five bullet holes were found in the fuselage.



Shattered remains of the Air Rhodesia Viscount downed by a guerrilla missile last week

RHODESIA

Again, Death on "Flight SAM-7"

But this time, there is more despair than defiance

The Rhodesian resort area near Kariba Lake, close to the Zambian frontier, once seemed far removed from the cruel realities of the guerrilla conflict that has taken the lives of 12,000 black and white Rhodesians over the past six years. But last September, in one of the war's grislier episodes, an Air Rhodesia plane on a flight out of Kariba airport to Salisbury was shot down by guerrillas using a Soviet-made SAM-7 heat-seeking missile. Ten of the 18 survivors were then murdered on the ground. Last week death again struck Kariba holidayers.

Winding up a pleasant weekend of fishing, sunbathing and gambling, 86 passengers, including some blacks, filed aboard two four-engine Air Rhodesia Viscount turboprops for the 40-minute return flight to Salisbury. Six minutes after take-off, the pilot of the first Viscount radioed a Mayday signal; then Flight RH-827, his

plane, hit by at least one ground-to-air missile, plunged nose-first into a rocky ravine. The crash killed all 59 people on board. The second Viscount, with Defense Chief Lieut. General Peter Walls and his wife aboard, took off 15 minutes later. It immediately began to execute maneuvers designed to evade missiles and safely reached Salisbury.

The downed Viscount crashed on the desolate Vuyi African Purchase Tract, an area heavily infiltrated by black nationalist guerrillas. The airliner fell only 32 miles from the site where the other plane from Kariba crashed in September. Joshua Nkomo, the Zambia-based co-leader of the Patriotic Front guerrillas, claimed his forces had downed that plane while denying responsibility for the subsequent massacre; he maintained that the craft had been carrying military equipment. Nkomo's excuse last week was similar.



Adolf Hitler makes a triumphant entry at a massive Nazi rally.

It began with a twisted dream...



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You'll find more than 4,000 photographs in TIME-LIFE BOOKS' new series on World War II--and many of them have never been published before. How do we find them?

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**TIME
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BOOKS**

U-boat crewmen during
a depth-charge attack.

From the private album
of former U-boat
Commander
Kurt Diggins.

World

CHAD

Desert Coup

Another Islamic upheaval

Political turmoil spawned by the Islamic revival is not confined to the Middle East. It has also flared in central Africa. In Chad, a desert-poor, sparsely populated (4 million) former French territory, 2 million Muslims who live mostly in the north have long chafed against the central government, which is dominated by black Christians from the south. A sputtering, 14-year-old war between the two sides ebbed last year after President Félix Malloum, a black who seized power in a 1975 coup, appointed a Muslim rebel leader, Hissene Habré, Premier. But last week fierce fighting between 1,000 guerrillas under Habré's command and Malloum's army erupted in Ndjamena, Chad's capital. Malloum's forces were routed, and he sought the protection of the 2,400-member French force garrisoned in Chad since early 1978.

At week's end a shaky cease-fire arranged by the French had taken hold. Malloum was reportedly holed up in a bunker at Ndjamena airport, where French troops were standing guard. At least four French citizens and a pilot for an American oil company had been killed in the fighting. Some 4,000 white residents, including many of the 230 Americans in Chad, hastened to the airport to board evacuation flights.

Though the capital appears to be in Habré's hands, his hold on power is scarcely secure. The northern two-thirds of Chad remains under the control of the Libyan-backed Chad National Liberation

Front (FROLINAT). Habré headed the front until last year, when he broke with Libya after its President, Colonel Muammar Gaddafi, seized another chunk of northern Chad.

Last summer the French arranged a reconciliation between Malloum and Habré. But the two men quarreled over sharing power under the proposed constitution. Said a French source: "There's no questioning Malloum's integrity; he prefers a camp bed to a palace. But he is a hopeless politician. Habré was named Premier, but he remained a guerrilla. There was complete incompatibility between the two men."

To outsiders, there does not seem to be much in Chad worth fighting about. Carved out of former French Equatorial Africa, it is impoverished, plagued by drought, malaria and periodic locust swarms. Its only known resource is a uranium deposit far in the north. Perhaps it is Chad's poverty (annual per capita income: \$120) that makes its religious and ethnic rivalries so fierce. With so little to go around, each side must fight all the harder to obtain a life-sustaining share.

BRITAIN

Peace Treaty

Or "a boneless wonder"

The labor unrest that has been bedeviling Britain continued to possess the country last week. Highways remained glazed with snow because striking maintenance men refused to sand or plow them. Soaring Everests of garbage piled up in London streets as a walkout of refuse collectors entered a sixth week, and sporadic work stoppages there and in other cities by public employees fouled up the operations of hospitals and schools. Thus even though the public workers' walkout finally seemed headed toward a settlement, there was an air of desperation about Labor Prime Minister James Callaghan when he appeared in Parliament. Waving a new 19-page peace treaty with his Labor government's once strongest backer, the powerful Trades Union Congress (T.U.C.), Callaghan declared: "We stand by this document, and we will win the election with it."

So he hopes. Callaghan's clumsy handling of the unions' disruptive winter offensive has dissipated the firm lead his party had run up over the Conservative opposition by the end of last year. A poll released last week by London's well-regarded Market and Opinion Research Institute showed that the Tories had leaped ahead of Labor by an impressive 55% to 36% and that for the first time ever Conservative Leader Margaret Thatcher had surpassed Callaghan in personal popularity 44% to 33%.

Callaghan's new concordat replaces the three-year-old so-called social con-



Callaghan explaining concordat to newsmen

The answer to soaring Everests of garbage.

tract under which the T.U.C. had agreed to temper wage demands to tamp down Britain's virulent inflation. Now that the rate has been hammered down to about 9%, a third of what it was in 1975, the rest-less unions are less inclined to show restraint. And indeed, instead of a firm wage lid, Callaghan's new pact contains only some wage appeals.

The pact is aimed at increasing the national output by 3% while simultaneously reducing inflation to under 5% by 1982. The government, the unions and management are supposed to achieve this by conducting a joint annual review of economic conditions to help keep wage settlements within realistic bounds. The concordat would do little to curb the union tactic that galls Britons most: secondary picketing. This is what the country's 80,000 striking truck drivers used to shut down factories all over the country while they negotiated their guideline-busting 21% pay hike last month. Though a recent poll showed that 89% of the public (including 86% of trade union members) wanted this practice outlawed, the pact merely calls on the T.U.C. to control it.

Callaghan hopes that his concordat will buy enough time to allow the current union fever to subside before he has to face another election, which must be held by Nov. 20. But the opposition has no intention of letting Callaghan set his own political timetable. Some important tests of the Labor government's leverage with the unions will come in March, when contracts expire for both the coal miners and power station employees. "Mighty Maggie" Thatcher, who dismisses Callaghan's concordat as "a boneless wonder," might well decide that the timing will be right next month to force a vote of confidence on Labor's policies.



Félix Malloum

Not much worth fighting for.

World



Angelika



Giuseppa



Fortunata



Margherita I



Lucia

ITALY

Love Story

Giuseppe's Problem

Giuseppe Scaffidi was a man of simple tastes. A stubby, barrel-chested farm worker, he lived happily with his wife Concetta and their four children in a shabby house in the Sicilian countryside near Messina. One day five years ago, when Giuseppe was 28, he met a young neighbor named Mariannina at a festival. Mariannina was very unhappy. Her husband was old and blind, and her family was forced to live on the husband's pension of \$160 a month. "No problem," said Giuseppe generously. "Move in with us." So Mariannina, her husband and their three children settled in.

Three months later came Fortunata, 25. She had been abandoned by her husband. "No problem," said Giuseppe. "Move in with us." Then came Margherita, 20 and pregnant. She was followed by Lucia, 42, seduced and deserted by her lover. Another local woman, a second Margherita, joined the clan. Next was Angelika, 22, a German waitress with two illegitimate children. When Fortunata's mother Carmela showed up, she too was invited to stay. No problem.

It was, in fact, all very pleasant for Giuseppe, who was scrupulously fair in dispensing his sexual generosity. No. 1 concubine became Mariannina, No. 2 her daughter Giuseppa, No. 3 Fortunata, No. 4 Margherita I, No. 5 Margherita II, No. 6 Lucia, No. 7 Mamma Carmela, No. 8 Angelika. Explained No. 2: "We all agreed. Each night, it was someone else's turn to sleep in the big bed with Giuseppe." Hers was Sunday. Scheduling was left to No. 1, who juggled Giuseppe's nocturnal appointments around illnesses and other exigencies. "There was no jealousy at all," said No. 2, ignoring the fact that Wife Concetta had no number, let alone night, to call her own. Indeed, Concetta got fed up with Giuseppe's if-this-is-Wednesday-this-must-be-Fortunata lifestyle, left home and moved in with her father. But divorce? Unthinkable. "Divorce a man like Giuseppe?" she said. "Please, how can you say such a stupid thing?"

And so as the months became years, Giuseppe remained generous in his fashion. A childless couple wanted a baby. "No problem," said Giuseppe. He thumbed through his nursery of a dozen or so offspring of diverse parentage and



Mariannina



Concetta



Family Man Scaffidi

gave the couple No. 5's newborn child Massimo. Giuseppe's father-in-law Antonio was lonely and just a little envious: "You mean all these women are just for you?" No problem. Giuseppe lent the old man No. 6. Giuseppe's father Carmelo, a widower, was also lonely. No problem. In exchange for Fortunata, Carmelo, 64, traded his secondhand truck, worth \$480.

That deal was Giuseppe's undoing. His father thought he had bought Fortunata outright with the truck. Not so, said Giuseppe. Fortunata was just on loan. Seven times, Giuseppe drove to his father's to reclaim Fortunata. Seven times Carmelo went to his son's to retrieve her, paying Giuseppe \$36 per retrieval. Finally, Carmelo moved to cut his losses: he took Fortunata to the town hall and married her.

That might have restored Giuseppe's peace, but what he did not count on was Fortunata's anger upon learning that she had been traded for a secondhand truck. She blew the whistle, and soon the police were asking questions. They wanted to know if the women were being used as prostitutes; they denied it. The police asked just how Mariannina's husband's pension check was used. The answer was unclear. So now the authorities have charged Giuseppe with pandering and selling his harem's offspring, and they have taken him away. His wife misses him. So do Nos. 1 through 8 (except Fortunata), two of whom are pregnant. Says one: "He loved us all, and he reawakened the joy of living and loving in each of us." Alas, the joy is gone, the game of love by the numbers is over, and generous Giuseppe sleeps alone in jail seven nights a week. That's a problem.

SOUTH KOREA

Seoul Food

A pick-me-up? Try python

Foreign tourists seeking a quick snack in downtown Seoul are unlikely to find satisfaction in the Korean equivalent of American fast-food chains. These are the 400 eateries specializing in a local delicacy: snake. Among the potables on their bills of fare are bottles of a vodka-like liquor in which live serpents have been put to sleep. Another quick pick-me-up is whisky fortified with powdered python. Also on the menu is *tang*, thick, pale yellow serpent soup. To tempt appetites, restaurateurs feature window displays of writhing snakes in glass bowls.

In a bid to make Seoul more attractive to the tourists, the city council has strongly urged owners of snake snack shops to remove their operations from downtown boulevards to the alleys and byways of the Korean capital. Though the shift may reduce the risk of cardiac arrest for visiting herpetophobes, it has annoyed Koreans who regard snakes not only as nourishment for the body but also as a stimulant for the sex drive and a cure for a variety of ills. "I was shocked to hear the news," said one shop owner of the city council's proposal. "The snakes may not be a pleasant sight, but many foreigners show great interest in them. The value of the snake as medicine is beyond description."

Snake dishes do not come cheap. A bowl of ordinary snake soup costs from \$20 to \$160, depending on the type of reptile used, and advocates of reptile recipes say that one must consume at least a bowl a day for ten days to obtain any discernible lift of the libido. Vipers, which are especially recommended for people suffering from neuralgia and tuberculosis, cost \$140 each. The yellow python, valued as an all-purpose tonic, costs \$200, while the most precious serpent of all, the *paik-sa*, or albino snake, celebrated for assuring longevity, has been known to bring from \$4,000 to \$6,000. Though that is about four times the average Korean's annual income, snake devotees believe the albino is a bargain: the typical 1½-ft.-long *paik-sa*, when tastily boiled and simmered, is claimed by Korea's version of snake-oil salesmen to add years to the life of the intrepid consumer.



Some tasty cure-alls on display



HOW DOES THE MAN WHO DRIVES THE SNOWPLOW DRIVE TO THE SNOWPLOW?

This one drives a Volkswagen Rabbit.

Now, we would love to tell you what a brilliant choice he made. How many different cars he checked out. How smart he was to choose a Rabbit.

But the fact is, he didn't have much of a choice at all.

A snowplow driver has two crucial needs:

- 1) Easy starts in the middle of winter.
- 2) Very good maneuverability in very bad weather.

Which means he needs both fuel injection for those starts and front-wheel drive for that maneuverability. Guess what?

With the exception of our own cars, there is only one car in the Rabbit's class that can give you both fuel injection and front-wheel drive: the Rabbit itself. And with these features it's safe to say

that only one car combines the starting ease and maneuverability in snow like the Rabbit itself: the Rabbit itself.

Snowplow driver or not, we think you'll be impressed with the way the Rabbit is put together. With its performance, its handling, its carrying capacity.

Car and Driver was very impressed: "The Rabbit does more useful and rewarding things than any other small car in the world." Now the question is:

Does the man who drives the snowplow own a Rabbit to help him do his job?

Or does he do his job to help him own a Rabbit?

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN





“Us Tareyton smokers would rather *light* than fight!”

Your present filter is only doing half the job, because it doesn't have Tareyton's activated charcoal filtration. There is no substitute for Tareyton lights.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Tareyton lights: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; Tareyton long lights: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Law

Playing Boswell to the Bar

Three new papers promise scoops and shoptalk for lawyers

Partners at one New York City law firm earn an average of more than \$350,000 a year. Prominent attorneys in Atlanta are under federal investigation. Lawyer-agents drum up business at the Senior Bowl. Defections from a Chicago firm, a partner purge in New York. And how much will Bakke's lawyer be paid anyway?

When lawyers go to heaven, and a few presumably do, these are no doubt the kinds of matters they discuss over lunch. Now heaven can wait. The *American Lawyer*, which served up the aforesaid juicy items this week, and two other new tabloid-format papers, are busy attending to the profession's voracious appetite for scandal, scuttlebutt and shoptalk. Unlike hundreds of established legal journals, newspapers and newsletters, which concern themselves chiefly with issues and trends in the law, the new papers emphasize lawyers per se, *ad hominem* and *in flagrante delicto*. Also how and where lawyers work, what they earn, what their jobs are like, who's hot, who's not, and who's about to be indicted.

The times are overripe for a national publication about lawyers, and maybe even three. As the country grows ever more litigious, high-stakes law has ceased to be the preserve of large New York and Washington firms; practitioners now need to know on a regular basis what their colleagues in the rest of the country are up to. The potential market is vast: almost 500,000 lawyers (median annual income: \$30,000) and 30,000 fresh law school graduates every year. To turn these prospects into profits, the three papers have evolved different editorial strategies:

The *American Lawyer* (monthly through August, then biweekly beginning in September) is the most irreverent and gossipy. Its inaugural issue, which subscribers receive this week, reads something like an *Esquire* magazine for lawyers—not surprising, since its editor is Steven Brill. 28. *Esquire's* law columnist, and *American Lawyer's* seed money came from Vere Harmsworth's Associated Newspapers, the British backer of *Esquire*. "Our basic philosophy is nothing about the law, everything about lawyers and lawyering," says Brill. He promises investigative reporting on pettifoggery, news of the constantly shifting tides of power and prestige among law firms, and a regular column critiquing the performance of attorneys before the U.S. Supreme Court. *American Lawyer* Publisher Jay Krieger, once an aide to former New York City Mayor John Lindsay, claims 9,000 subscribers now at \$19.50 a year and hopes even-

tually to have as many as 40,000.

The *National Law Journal*, a weekly published since September, views itself as "the Wall Street Journal of law" according to Publisher James A. Finkelstein, 30. Son of *New York Law Journal* Publisher Jerry Finkelstein, James has so far more than 25,000 subscribers (at \$48 a year) and is shooting for 100,000. *N.L.J.'s* Page One is given over to readable, anecdotal stories of broad interest (a profile of *Paper Chase* Author John J. Osborn Jr., an examination of nepotism in small law firms, a report on the lawyer boom in Atlantic City). Inside are more dryly technical columns on such subjects as taxation and computer use. "We are a balanced paper," says Finkelstein. "We cover both law and lawyers."

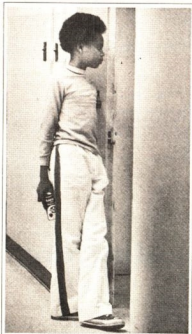
Legal Times of Washington, launched by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, the publishing conglomerate, is the oldest (eight months) and most specialized. The weekly drops names aplenty in a gossip column called *Inadmissible*, but its first concern is keeping tabs on the capital's

regulatory maze and the revolving door that spins lawyers between the public and private sectors. "We like to think we are helping lawyers in their work," says Managing Editor David Beckwith, 36, a lawyer and former *TIME* law writer. "The other publications are into national trends and lighter stuff." *Legal Times* circulation is small (currently 3,500) but the price tag is hefty (\$125 a year).

All three publications want lawyers who can write and reporters who can tell an assault from a battery. "Most people who can do both prefer to work as lawyers because of the money and the status," admits Beckwith. "For some reason, a lawyer working as a journalist is comparable to a doctor driving a garbage truck."

In the best tradition of *dammus absque injuria*, *American Lawyer's* first issue twits the *National Law Journal* for omitting Harcourt Brace's legal seminars from its calendar of events, and *Legal Times'* Feb. 5 issue faults Takeover Specialist Joseph Flom, who is chairman of the *Journal's* board of editors, for collecting retainers "for doing nothing." Says former Federal Trade Commission Executive Director Basil Mezines, a Washington lawyer who reads them: "I just love these gossip sheets—as long as they don't write about me." ■

Rough Justice in Mississippi



Robert Earl ("Bubba") May Jr., in prison

Late last December, Robert Earl ("Bubba") May Jr., 14, was arrested with three companions for using a shotgun to rob two fireworks stands near the sleepy farm town of Brookhaven, Miss., and stealing a wallet. Two nights later Bubba and two of his accomplices robbed a grocery and beat up a saleswoman. Indicted on four counts of armed robbery, he was convicted only a week later. His sentence: 48 years in prison without chance of parole, the product of a plea bargain by his court-appointed attorney.

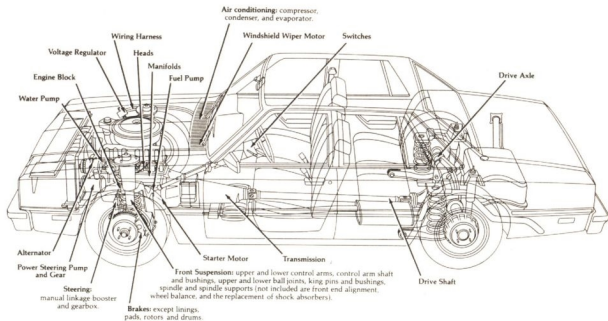
Bubba, 4 ft. 7 in., 75 lb., was packed off to join 1,800 felons at Mississippi's overcrowded state penitentiary at Parchman. Predicted Ronald R. Welch, director of the Mississippi Prisoners' Defense Committee: "He'll never live out the sentence."

But by last week it appeared that Bubba's case would be reopened. In the meantime, he is undergoing psychiatric examination at Parchman, where he is being protected by a trusted lifer assigned him by the warden. Says Defense Counsel Julie Ann Epps: "He's a terrified little boy who really doesn't understand what's going on. He doesn't know what 48 years is."

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Lincoln, Mark V, Versailles.	\$285	
You also pay the first \$25 per covered repair visit. Extended Service Plan not available in Nebraska or Rhode Island.		

You get car rental coverage.

Under the new car Plan, if your car should be out of use overnight while being repaired

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There's also a Plan for Ford-built used cars.

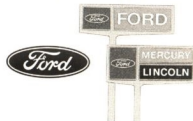
You can be protected with a used car Extended Service Plan if you register for it at the time you buy your eligible recent model Ford-built used car. This plan protects you for up to 12 months or 12,000 miles, whichever comes first, although coverage is not extended beyond 60,000 miles. The covered repairs are the same (no rental car), and the cost is even lower than for a new car.

It could pay for itself the first time you need it.

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Ask your Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealer about the Extended Service Plan.

It protects you from unexpected repair bills.



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Behavior

Remembering Mama Too Much

Out of the feminist closet comes a touchy, complex relationship

For Poet-Essayist Adrienne Rich, it is "the great unwritten story." Author Nancy Friday calls it "the last taboo," and Psychology Writer Lucy Freeman sees it as the feminist movement's "last liberation." The subject of these slightly breathless descriptions: the tangled, ambivalent and often hostile relationship between mothers and daughters.

Until recently, this touchy and complex relationship seemed almost an embarrassment to the women's movement.

the lecture circuit and TV talk shows.

But Friday is hardly alone. Such recent books as Freeman's *Who Is Sylvia?* and Signe Hammer's *Daughters and Mothers*, *Mothers and Daughters* also dwell on the maternostra theme, and still more of the genre are in the offing. Even Hollywood and television are exploiting mother-daughter tensions. Woody Allen's *Interiors* and Ingmar Bergman's *Autumn Sonata* are based on such themes; CBS plans two dramatic specials, one of them

mother's love—any way I could." Comments Cambridge Psychoanalyst Gregory Rochlin: "Many women know they are in a struggle but not that it's displaced from Mother onto men."

Hammer, a writer and lecturer, says in her book that "women tend to live through and in response to other people." One consequence, she says, is that "a vicious cycle has developed in which women who were not encouraged to grow up raised daughters who are not encouraged to grow up either." Friday adds that as "the first and lasting model" for their daughters, mothers all too often pass on clinging, dependent attitudes, a fear of sex and an impoverished sense of self.

This position has outraged some feminists who think that the women's movement should focus on the abuses of male power rather than on what women do to each other. Says Feminist Author Judith Pildes Arcana: "The message is still the same—blame your mother, woman-negative." In her view, mother-daughter problems are really the result of the repressive roles forced on women by what she calls "patriarchal capitalism." Sociologist Pauline Bart has even accused Friday of trying to push her into a blame-Mother position during an interview for her book.

In her more scholarly *The Reproduction of Mothering* (University of California Press; \$12.95), Nancy Chodorow occupies the middle ground. A sociologist at the University of California at Santa Cruz, she agrees that a male-dominated society sets up mother-daughter conflicts, but she sees them in largely sociopsychological terms. By depicting motherhood as the most valuable state for a woman, she says, men are able to leave most parenting to women. This lets mothers dominate their children's emotional lives, and, as Chodorow explains, ensures the cycle's repetition: in what she calls the psychological "reproduction" of mothering, the daughter will try to solve her difficulties with Mother by having a child of her own. Late in life, there may even be a switch of roles, with Mama herself demanding mothering. For example, says Friday, Mother will ask: "How is it that you can't come see me on weekends when all I've ever done is be your mother?"

Chodorow says that fathers must take over half the parenting and raise daughters with a sense of self derived from both parents. Friday thinks that women must begin by speaking out about their ambivalence and anger. Says she: "If you allow yourself to express these feelings, the sky doesn't fall."

That advice may be too late for some women, including Friday. She and her husband have decided not to have children. She explains: "I still have these anxieties and doubts, and I don't want to pass them on to another generation."



Authors Nancy Friday (left) and Lucy Freeman with their mother-daughter memoirs

The painful topic has been rattling around in consciousness-raising groups for years.

If it was discussed at all, it was done privately. Says *Village Voice* Women's Movement Observer Karen Durbin: "It's a painful topic that has been rattling around in women's consciousness-raising groups for years." Now, in a spate of popular writing, accompanied by some unsisterly mudslinging, the knotty mother-daughter relationship is finally emerging from the feminist closet.

The most successful and talked-about of the new books is Friday's *My Mother/My Self*. Out of some 300 interviews as well as poignant glimpses of her own life, Friday has portrayed a pessimistic, almost Portnoy-in-reverse picture: it is so extraordinarily difficult for daughters to break their mothers' possessive bonds. Since its appearance in 1977, the book has sold 250,000 copies in hard-cover and an even more astonishing 2 million in paperback. A one-time editor and freelancer, Friday has become a favorite of

starring Bette Davis, tentatively scheduled to be aired on Mother's Day.

One common refrain in all this is a basic psychological truth: girls have far more trouble liberating themselves from Mother than boys do. At about 18 months, all children go through a deep conflict between a comforting sense of oneness with Mother and a strong drive to seek independence. For boys the crucial emancipating step is easier; they know their destiny is to be different—like Father. Says New York Child Psychologist Louise Kaplan: "The girl can't pull away without seeming to reject the model of what she will become—a woman."

Women who never truly separate from their mothers are likely to recreate the mother-daughter antagonism in adult relationships. Freeman, in her confessional book, says that she repeatedly projected her mother problems onto the men in her life: "I was still trying to earn my



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Religion

Weighing Words

Compromise at Puebla

Behind the gray stone walls of Palafox Seminary in Puebla, Mexico, 184 bishops of the third Latin American Bishops' Conference (CELAM III) spent 18 days weighing words like poker chips in a high-risk game. At stake was the future of 300 million Roman Catholics, across a continent plagued by poverty and oppression. Would the bishops be swayed by the progressives in their midst and come out in favor of church activism for the coming decades? Or would they take a conservative line and retreat from tactics that threatened confrontation with repressive political regimes? Last week the bishops emerged with an 8,000-word final statement that mildly surprised most observers. While hardly radical in tone, it contained a stronger mandate for church involvement in social issues than had been expected.

Progressives in Puebla were not at first counting on such an outcome. Pope John Paul II, in his opening speech at the conference, had denounced social injustice but also warned the bishops not to politicize the church, and to eschew violent reform—a delicate balance that discouraged many progressives by its ambiguity. A source of more distress was Colombian Bishop Alfonso López Trujillo, the CELAM secretary general who reportedly had received Vatican approval to stack the group with conservatives to avoid a reprise of the 1968 CELAM II in Medellín, Colombia. There, a liberal minority pushed through strong documents that inspired the Marxist-tinged "theology of liberation." Since the Puebla statement does not condemn liberation theology—or even mention it by name—progressives felt relieved. Pope John Paul was de-



Sebastiano Cardinal Baggio with Colombian Bishops López Trujillo and Castrillón Hoyos

A vote of confidence to the comunidades, and a call for Latin American unity.

scribed by aides as "delighted" with the document. Said CELAM President Aloisio Cardinal Lorscheider of Brazil, a shrewd moderate: "It's well balanced and goes forward from Medellín."

In seeking that balance, the bishops rapped both capitalism ("It has made the distance between rich and poor even greater by placing capital before work") and Marxist strategies (They "have sacrificed many Christian values and have fallen into unrealistic and utopian notions"). The bishops condemned the "national security" ideologies that undergird most of Latin America's military regimes for leading "to the abuse of power and violation of human rights," but they also denounced leftist terrorism. Echoing the Pope's address, the document cautions priests to "divest themselves of all political ideology." But it does advocate Christian action. Said the bishops: "We ask all Christians to collaborate in the changing of unjust structures and to communicate gospel values to the entire culture where we live."

How to do it? Unexpectedly, the bish-

ops gave a vote of confidence to the *comunidades de base*, or grass-roots base communities, that have sprung up across Latin America since Medellín. Most *comunidades* number less than 20 Christians, who meet privately and often clandestinely to talk out social and economic problems as well as religious issues. There are as many as 150,000 such communities, most of them in Brazil. Despite some tension between the lay-centered *comunidades* and the traditional church hierarchy, the bishops acknowledged that "the faith of Christ has flourished" in them.

While condoning the *comunidades*, however, the bishops called for Latin American unity—and unity of the church. As a "Message to the People of Latin America," accompanying the document, cautioned: "Do not pay heed to reports that the bishops are divided." But on the last day of CELAM III, Bishop Pedro Arnaldo Aparicio y Quintanilla of El Salvador delivered a sermon blasting liberation theology. Quietly, five bishops walked out.

Milestones

DIED. Nicole Alaphand, 61, elegant wife of former French Ambassador Hervé Alaphand, who shone as Washington's most glittering hostess through three Administrations (1958-65); of cancer; in Paris.

DIED. Reginald Maudling, 61, prominent member of the British Conservative Party and former Chancellor of the Exchequer (1962-64); of kidney failure; in London. An economic pragmatist as Chancellor, Maudling was touted often as a future Prime Minister, but in 1965 lost the Tory leadership election to Edward Heath by 17 out of nearly 300 votes cast.

DIED. Edvard Kardelj, 69, Yugoslav Communist ideologist and their apparent to President Tito; of cancer; in Ljubljana, Yugoslavia. When his nation was expelled

from the Soviet-led Cominform in 1948, Vice President Kardelj devised its new ideological foundation, granting greater freedom to local factories and party cells as well as pioneering a foreign policy of nonalignment. Until taken ill five years ago, the loyal official was widely expected to succeed Tito, now 86.

DIED. Jean Renoir, 84, master French film maker whose work strongly reflected his own ironic wit, love of nature and sympathetic curiosity about human behavior; of a heart attack; in Beverly Hills, Calif. Son of Impressionist Painter Pierre-Auguste Renoir, Jean as a red-haired child often posed for him and later married one of his models. With his wife as the star, Renoir directed his first movie in 1924, during the next 45 years he directed and wrote some

three dozen films, among them such masterpieces as *Toni* (1934), the antiwar *Grand Illusion* (1937) and *The Rules of the Game* (1939), a gentle satire of society as depicted in a weekend house party. Fleeing the Nazis in 1939, Renoir settled in Hollywood, and though his output slowed, his later films included such acclaimed works as *The Southerner* (1945), and *The River* (1950), filmed in India. A singularly congenial, humane man whose work greatly influenced the New Wave directors of the 1950s (including Truffaut and Godard) and onetime Apprentices Luchino Visconti and Satyajit Ray, Renoir considered himself primarily a storyteller, always filming his special kind of tale. "I am interested in what happens to people," he once explained, "when they must adapt to a new world."



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Science

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FEBRUARY 26, 1979



A Matter of Night and Day

Scientists and solar-rock fans get set for an eclipse

Winnipeg is jumping. Airline reservations to the frostbitten Canadian city (pop. 560,000) have been booked for months. Hotels are full up too. The cause of this midwinter madness: the last solar eclipse over the continental U.S. until 2017. On Monday, Feb. 26, the moon will slip between the earth and sun, and progressively blot out the solar disk along a so-called path of totality that begins in the Pacific Ocean west of Washington State, cuts northeast over Canada, then darts off and away toward Greenland.

Although a partial eclipse will be vis-

ible elsewhere on the continent, scientists have deemed the Winnipeg region the best place to observe total darkness. To make the most of that opportunity, the professional observers as well as thousands of amateur eclipse buffs are readying their rockets, cameras and telescopes for the solar blackout.

No stunning revelations are likely; a strong motive for trekking to Winnipeg is the sheer fun—or, as one scientist says, "the orgasmic experience"—of eclipse watching. But the scientists do follow in a distinguished tradition. It was during

an eclipse in 1761 that scientists discovered the dense atmosphere of Venus; at such times the inner planet is higher in the sky, letting astronomers see it through less of the earth's atmosphere. Helium was found in the sun during an 1868 eclipse. And in 1919, British scientists measured the bending of starlight by solar gravity, thus providing dramatic proof of Einstein's general theory of relativity.

This year, from nearby Red Lake, Ont., Canadian and American agencies are launching 34 atmospheric rockets to look for other surprises. The U.S. Navy, for example, wants to learn how electrical changes in the ionosphere, some apparently connected to fluctuations in solar radiation, disrupt radio contact between ground stations and satellites. In a NASA-owned Learjet, Physicist T. Allan Clark of the University of Calgary will study the sun's eruptions, seeking links between this activity and terrestrial climate.

Backing up the scientific ranks will be 20,000 amateurs with cardboard-box viewers or aluminized Mylar screens sold at fast-food outlets. (Without such precautions, sun gazers risk damaging their eyes.) Some will even usher in the event at a rock-'n'-roll celebration on an old armed forces base in Rivers, Man. But the music may be dirgelike. Weathermen are predicting only a 77% chance of clear skies over Winnipeg. As for more southerly latitudes, even a clear sky will not be of much help; as one Winnipeg observer puts it, the difference between a total and partial eclipse is "like night and day."

Living Fossil

Glimpses of a coelacanth

For years, British Cameraman Peter Scoones has had an unlikely dream. A dedicated scuba diver, he wanted to photograph a live coelacanth (pronounced *seal-ah-kanth*), the ancient, almost legendary, stump-legged fish which once was believed to have died out soon after the dinosaurs. Now this *paparazzo* of the deep has nailed his prey. Last week Scoones released rare color photographs of one of these "living fossils," swimming contentedly for his camera in the Indian Ocean off the Comoro Islands near the Malagasy Republic.

On assignment for the BBC, Scoones started his search by dragging an underwater television camera along the seabed in depths of about 300 meters (1,000 ft.) off the Comoros. On board his small boat, he patiently watched the TV monitor for a glimpse of the fish that had only been known from the earth's fossil record until the accidental discovery of a living specimen by a British biologist some 40 years

ago. Since then, fishermen have caught two dozen more live coelacanths in their nets. Unfortunately, the creatures, which grow to about 1.5 meters (5 ft.), weigh about 70 kg (150 lbs.) and possess four large fins—apparently the evolutionary beginnings of limbs—usually were dead by the time they reached scientists.

Scoones was not even as lucky as the fishermen. A week into the hunt, the cable to his camera snagged and broke, the equipment was lost, and his frustrated TV crew promptly returned to England. Only a few days later a volcano erupted on Great Comoro. With lava flowing toward

the sea, frantic natives commandeered Scoones' boat as an emergency vessel.

Next morning, a disappointed and weary Scoones was shaken out of bed by an excited islander. A full-grown coelacanth had been caught, he was told. It was still alive, lashed under a fisherman's canoe. With only a mask and snorkel, Scoones ventured underwater to free his battle-fatigued quarry, then nudged the fish into a current. That was enough to revive the coelacanth for the camera. Pictures taken, Scoones returned the big catch to the natives—for sale, of course, to scientists.



Caught by Comoro fishermen, the shy coelacanth makes a live appearance for the camera

Press

All the Nudes Fit to Print

A Playboy photographer's Ivy League education



Yalles and would-be Sex Objects Wendy Yellin, Tina Shealy, Ellen Collett, Elisabeth Johnson

David Chan finds that publicity makes his job easier. Chan, 41, recruits and photographs women in various stages of undress for *Playboy*. He pays his models a one-time fee according to degree of deshabille: \$100 clothed, \$200 seminude ("topless, see-through blouse and so forth") and \$400 nude ("something you wouldn't see on the beach or the street"). Organized according to categorical imperative, Chan's past work has included "Girls of the Big Ten" and "Girls of Washington." Fourteen years' experience has led him to expect his arrival in a new town to be treated as a news event, but his latest reconnaissance mission produced an even more satisfying furor than usual.

Playboy, now celebrating its 25th anniversary and straining to elevate itself

from a swamp of newer and raunchier skin magazines, dispatched Chan to perpetrate a photo spread on "Girls of the Ivy League." Chan admitted that the Southwest Conference was *Playboy's* first choice, but the magazine decided that the Ivies have an irresistible mystique. "Especially now that women have entered the men's domain, everybody's mystified," said Chan. "There's a sexual fascination. What are these women like?" Touchy, it turns out. Chan's visit provoked feminist protests on six campuses and touched off debate on sexism and censorship among student editors from Hanover to West Philadelphia.

Chan's Ivy League education began Nov. 29, when he approached the *Harvard Crimson*

with an advertisement featuring his magazine's familiar symbol and an invitation to audition for the project. The next day's edition featured a news story headlined *PLAYBOY SEEKS WOMEN HERE TO POSE NUDE*. That evening a majority of the 30 staff members at a *Crimson* editorial meeting voted to reject the ad. That decision prompted some staffers, male and female, to write lengthy editorial explanations and dissenting opinions. The majority endorsed the paper's editorial, declaring that *Playboy* "has played a major role in America's degradation of women," but beyond that the arguments grew tortuous: on whether the *Crimson* would be contributing to such degradation by running Chan's ad, whether refusing the ad was a paternalistic insult to Radcliffe women's ability to choose intelligently and whether the precepts of free speech vs. censorship apply differently to editorial content and paid advertisement.

Radcliffe, the now almost completely integrated female adjunct of Harvard, is celebrating its centennial this year. For most of its history it has been much maligned as the frowiest of the Seven Sisters, and some Radcliffe women were bemused at being chosen over the sunshine girls of the Southwest. Others resented being chosen at all. Jennifer R. Levin, president of the Radcliffe Union of Students, denounced *Playboy's* efforts as "degrading and exploitative of women."

All that debate did little to resolve the issues at hand, which was not surprising, since the conflict between free speech and perceived pornography is one of the great civil libertarian conundrums of our time. Those in the skin trade take full advantage of the public confusion. Chan among them. Even as the *Crimson* debated, Chan placed an ad in the *Boston Globe* and was himself profiled in the paper's Living section. "I got censored. I felt very sad about that," he told the *Globe* ingenuously. "I never thought it would happen here at Harvard, where presumably people think for themselves. We'll see if the rest [of the Ivy League papers] play follow-the-leader."

They did not. After due thought, and in some cases second thought, student papers at Princeton (where, as at Harvard, the editor is a woman), Columbia, Dartmouth, Yale and Brown ran the ad, deciding, as *Brown Daily Herald* Editor in Chief Robert Linn explained, "to let people make up their own minds." Unbowed and uncensored, Chan continued his wintry



Princeton's Catherine Treadgold is groomed for Photographer Chan

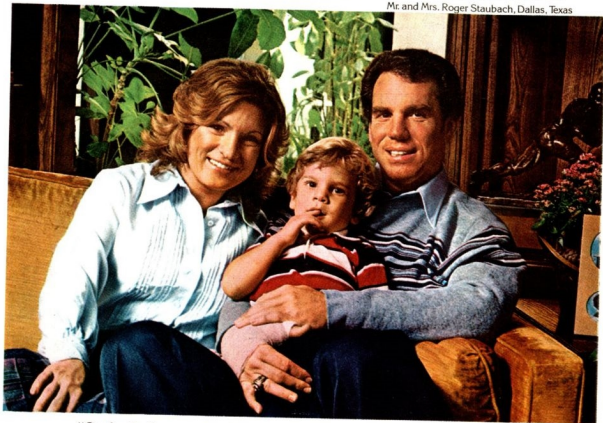


Brown's Cohn strikes a pose

Picketts, a symposium on sexism and an extracurricular lesson in free speech.

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progression through the Ivy League, stirring up debate, protest and publicity. At Yale, when *Daily News* Publisher Thomas L. Kelly accepted the ad, overriding the editorial board's published distaste, posters appeared on campus urging FIGHT PLAYBOY BUNNYISM. At Columbia the ad inspired a student symposium on campus sexism. When Chan hit Princeton last week, his hotel was picketed.

Having screened about 100 candidates at each campus, Chan claimed to be delighted by the response. "Frankly, I always have the best results in a small community," he confides. "The local papers and television and radio come after me. I can get lost in a big city."

Why would presumably intelligent women at the nation's most prestigious

colleges aspire to notoriety as airbrushed sex objects? "The human body is an artwork in itself," says one aspirant, Brown Literature Major Cynthia Cohn. Adds Fellow Student Laurie Osmond, who has agreed to pose (fully clothed) for Chan: "It sounds crass, but you have to use your assets." Reports Chan: "They mention to me many times this is something to show to their grandchildren." That urge is, apparently, widely felt. Some of *Playboy's* competitors now feature warts-and-all snapshots, usually taken by husband or boyfriend, sent in by women eager to memorialize their assets. "To each his own," says Chan. "We're not gynecological photographers at *Playboy*. All we're shooting is physical beauty. Inner beauty doesn't come out until after about 28."



Grumbach in his *L'Express* office in Paris before he was fired

The Right to Edit

A meddling owner is rebuffed

When the Franco-British grocery and newspaper baron Sir James Goldsmith bought the French weekly *L'Express* in 1977, he promised to leave editorial policy in the practiced hands of Editorial Director Philippe Grumbach, whose center-right leanings contributed to the magazine's close ties to President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. But a year later, says Grumbach, when it looked as if a Socialist-Communist coalition might come to power (it did not), Goldsmith began shopping for an editor more sympathetic to the left. Grumbach was kicked upstairs into an executive job sans power, secretary or office space. He protested and was fired.

Grumbach sued, and last month a French court found that he could not be dismissed summarily for his politics. Citing France's work code and its unique *clause de conscience*, which allows journalists to resign with full severance ben-

efits if a politically hostile owner takes over their publication, the judges awarded Grumbach some \$500,000 in back pay and indemnities. The decision sets no precedent under French law, but the size of the award is seen by some journalists as a sign that the courts may be on their side in ideological disputes caused by ownership changes. That is a timely assurance now that many of the highly political journals launched after France's liberation in 1944 are being sold by their aging founders.

As Goldsmith's lawyers were appealing the decision, Grumbach left on an extended skiing vacation. "I'm very optimistic," he says of his employment prospects. He might, however, have trouble finding a publisher who wants him. Though the Grumbach case is a matter of public record, no French newspaper or magazine has mentioned it. Says Pierre Salinger, former *L'Express* writer and White House press secretary: "Publishers fear that knowledge of this case would give journalists too many dangerous ideas as to the extent of their rights."

Medicine

Clear Skin

Possible help for severe acne

For many adolescents, the first bluish signals one of life's more distressing rites of passage to adulthood. But fortunately for most youngsters, acne is temporary and can be relieved, if not entirely cured, with special soaps and lotions. Yet in about 2% of all cases the skin disorder is severe; large pus-filled nodules appear on the face and often on the back and chest as well. Antibiotics and other treatments work for some patients but others are often left permanently scarred.

Last week dermatologists had encouraging news in the battle against acne. Dr. Gary L. Peck and his colleagues at the National Cancer Institute reported that they had successfully treated eight men and six women with severe acne, none of whom had responded to ordinary therapy. That feat was achieved with a new oral drug, 13-cis-retinoic acid, which is a synthetic version of all-trans-retinoic acid, a naturally occurring derivative of vitamin A. Applied to the skin, the natural acid has helped relieve common acne. But vitamin A, which is given orally, has been of little use. For severe acne, it is totally inappropriate because the high doses that would be required could damage the liver, bones and nerves.

Of Peck's patients, the youngest was 16, the oldest a man of 46 who had been plagued with acne since age 13. For four months, they took several capsules of the drug each day. By the end of that period, the acne had vanished in nine patients. The skin of four others cleared two to ten months later. Even in the one "uncured" case, there was a 75% improvement. Better yet, write Peck and his colleagues in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, side effects were minimal and temporary: some chapped lips, skin dryness, minor nosebleeds and slight irritation of the eyes.

Surprisingly, the patients remained free of acne, except for an occasional surface pimple, as long as 16 to 24 months after the test ended. Exactly how the drug achieves that miracle remains somewhat speculative, but studies by Dr. John S. Strauss and colleagues at the University of Iowa indicate that it inhibits oily secretions from the skin's sebaceous glands.

The investigators are elated by the results, but they caution that questions remain. For one thing, does the drug have any untoward side effects after prolonged use? It is known that kindred chemicals can produce birth defects in animals. Thus the drug faces at least two or three years of careful testing before it can be marketed. Still, for those with recurring severe acne, that may not be too long a wait to be spared a lifetime of misery.

Economy & Business

The Price of Stormy Petrol

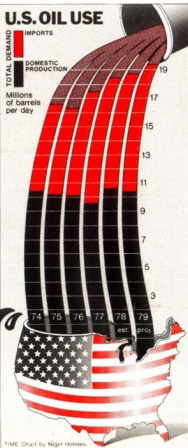
Tighter supplies, rising costs and the prospect of some controls



Like fast-approaching storm clouds, the consequences of the political turmoil that shut down Iran's oil fields became clearer last week, presaging a period of trouble and uncertainty for Western nations. Higher fuel prices and some scarcities are inevitable in the U.S. President Carter warned that though the situation created by the Iranian cutoff is "not critical" yet, it "certainly could get worse." He said that the difficulties might be manageable if Americans "honor the 55-m.p.h. speed limit, set thermostats no higher than 65° and limit discretionary driving." Otherwise, the President added, "more strenuous action" would be needed to curb fuel use.

Energy Secretary James Schlesinger told a congressional subcommittee that there is no assurance that Iran's new leaders can persuade the Marxist-led oilfield workers to start the wells pumping soon again, even though Ayatollah Khomeini has ordered them back to work. At best, production would rise slowly to a maximum of about 3 million bbl. per day within six months. Increasing the flow to the normal 5.8 million bbl. would require the return of foreign technicians, an unlikely possibility. Yet, said Schlesinger, unless Iran begins substantial production soon, frequent shortages of gasoline will show up this summer, and the U.S. will not be able to rebuild its stocks to avoid a scarcity of heating oil next winter.

A pinch is already being felt. Exxon and Texaco notified customers that they are reducing deliveries of oil, gasoline and various refined products by as



No gas for sale, so stranded foreign truckers line the roads outside Tehran

much as 10%. Other oil companies are expected to follow. The companies are also increasing their oil prices by up to 20¢ per bbl. Shortages of jet fuel have forced American, TWA and other airlines to juggle supplies to keep operating, and last week National reported that fuel shortages forced cancellation of its lightly traveled New York-Amsterdam flights. At the same time a sudden and unexpected lack of bunker fuel delayed ships sailing from some Far Eastern ports.

Schlesinger's office is preparing a packet of mild stand-by controls, some to be sent to Congress next week. Among the proposals: allocate crude and refined products to spread the shortages among distributors and retailers and ban gasoline sales during most hours on weekends.

Exploiting the shortage, Abu Dhabi and Qatar last week added a 7% surcharge to the 1.8 million bbl. per day that they produce. The increase is on top of the 5% OPEC rise that took effect last month and lifted the basic price to \$13.34 per bbl. The cartel had scheduled a raise in steps to \$14.55 by October. But at the present rate of increase, oil from Abu Dhabi and Qatar then would be selling at \$16.32 per bbl. Other oil producers, notably such anti-Western militants as Libya and Iraq, are expected to make similar increases. Says one top U.S. oil company official: "I guess now the sky's the limit."

Panic buying has given producing nations tantalizing inducement to raise their long-term contract prices. On the open or "spot" market, where the small per-


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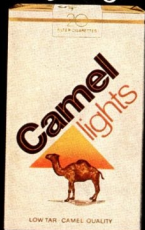
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Economy & Business

centage of oil not sold under contract is available, frenzied demand has sent prices up to more than \$23 per bbl. Further whetting OPEC greed, Britain has boosted its price for North Sea oil by 2% above the cartel level.

Even without adding in last week's increases, the average U.S. price of gasoline is scheduled to rise from 69¢ per gal. now to 84¢ by the end of 1980 under the Government's control program. In high-cost areas such as New York City and some remote areas of New England, the price probably will go to at least 90¢ and possibly \$1. Already, gas, heating oil and other fuels are becoming more expensive.

Little relief is in sight on the supply side. Of the 5.8 million bbl. of Iranian oil a day lost to the world, about 900,000 bbl. normally come to the U.S. and provide 5% of its daily demand for 19.4 million bbl. Extra production by Arab countries has cut the oil deficit to 2 million

bbl. per day globally and 500,000 bbl. in the U.S. Saudi Arabia, for example, which is committed to pumping 8.5 million bbl. per day, is now producing 9.5 million bbl. But the Saudis are tacking a 9% premium on that extra 1 million bbl.

Mexico could become a major U.S. supplier—over the long term. Last week President Carter came to an agreement with Mexican President José López Portillo to begin negotiations between the two governments for American purchases of Mexican natural gas. To avert social and economic disruptions, López Portillo has vowed to follow a go-slow production policy and not permit Mexico's wells to pump more than 2.3 million bbl. of oil and gas a day (up from 1.5 million bbl. now) for the rest of his term, which ends in 1982. Thus Mexico will not be able to do much to help the U.S. out of its present energy bind.

Higher oil costs are bound to filter into the Consumer Price Index and complicate the Administration's tough task of slowing inflation. The Government's efforts to moderate consumer spending without bringing on a recession are showing mixed results. January housing starts fell 20% from the previous month to 1.6 million units, in part because of bitter winter weather in much of the country. On the other hand, major retailers such as J.C. Penney and Sears reported double-digit sales gains in January, and auto sales in the first ten days of February were 15% higher than a year ago. The consumer buying spree, the inflationary rises in the price of energy, the gloomy prospects of higher import costs and pressure on the balance of payments—all these will move the Federal Reserve Board to keep credit tight and interest rates high. Thus the nation will need great luck to avoid recession amid inflation.

Still a Fuelish Paradise

With profound reluctance, the Wyoming legislature last week abandoned its drive to end the federally ordered 55-m.p.h. speed limit. No matter. Most U.S. drivers just laugh at the limit anyway. Meanwhile, homes and offices are overheated and empty skyscrapers are lit up like Christmas trees all night long. In short, five years after the Arab oil embargo, America remains a profligate consumer and waster of energy. If all the barrels of oil that the U.S. uses in just one day were laid end to end, they would stretch from New York to Calcutta.

To reduce consumption will require not only heroic conservation but also costly development of domestic sources and a switch to alternative fuels. Today's crisis may mean that needed reforms will get fresh attention and new support. "Congress now realizes the seriousness of the situation," says Energy Secretary James Schlesinger. "It is necessary to take advantage of short-term emergencies to sell the need for unpopular measures."

Just about the most unpopular idea was Jimmy Carter's thwarted proposal to impose a new tax on domestic crude oil that would sharply raise the retail price. U.S. prices are low by world standards; a gallon of regular gas that sells in New York City for 78¢ costs \$1.55 in Tel Aviv, \$1.83 in Bonn and \$2.09 in Paris. Economists, bankers and independent study groups like the Trilateral Commission agree that substantially higher prices would drive home the reality of the energy crisis and the need to save. For that to occur, prices would have to rise drastically—probably to \$1 or more a gallon for gasoline—and Congress is not yet willing to go that far.

Another unpopular measure to spare energy would be to moderate some antipollution regulations. The American Petroleum Institute estimates that the extra crude required to make unleaded gas for new cars with catalytic converters amounts to 140,000 bbl. per day, and the Department of Energy figures that yet another 500,000 bbl. will be added to daily demand if the next legally mandated

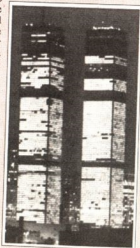
reduction in gasoline additives goes through as scheduled in October.

Restrictions on strip mining will make it nearly impossible for the nation to meet Carter's goal of doubling production of coal to 1.2 billion tons a year by 1985. Demand for America's most plentiful fossil fuel is also being held down by expensive and rapidly changing regulations on the burning of coal. The Energy Department has tended to promote the use of coal, while the Environmental Protection Agency has been inclined to retard it. Nuclear power development has slumped. A major reason: complex and long-drawn-out regulatory studies and hearings give a vocal minority a devastatingly effective forum for opposition and delay the building and licensing of new plants for an average of twelve years or more.

At the same time, the U.S. has not fully exploited its domestic oil. Alaska's daily output could be increased from 1.2 million bbls. to 2 million, but there is not enough demand for the extra oil on the West Coast and it cannot be transported east easily or economically. The Jones Act requires that the oil be shipped on U.S. vessels and that jacks

up the price to unacceptable levels. A pipeline to carry the oil across the country has been stymied for six years. Initially the problem was just to get the necessary 700 federal, state and local permits. Now California environmental authorities are blocking construction of dock equipment to handle the crude, for fear that merely unloading and pumping it into the pipeline would pollute the air.

Other forms of alternate energy are held up by the huge costs of development. This is particularly true of power from the sun, tides, waves and ocean currents, as well as oil from tar sands and shale. These sources stand to meet only a small part of the country's energy needs in the foreseeable future because the technologies are expensive, risks are high and immediate rewards are small. Progress may well require more Government grants, loan guarantees and tax incentives. What is needed to ease the nation's dependence on erratic foreign sources of oil is spending, sacrifice and compromise.



World Trade Center lit at night



Bullion dealers hold their afternoon meeting at Rothschild & Sons in London to set the price of the coveted yellow metal

Big Boom in a Barbarous Relic

Gold's gyrations are the Dow Jones index of anxiety

For all practical purposes, the world has been off the gold-exchange standard for nearly eight years. When it comes to transactions among central banks, mankind's most treasured possession is supposed to have no more relevance than the Mongolian tughrik. So much for the official view of gold's value. Out there in the real world, the metal that Economist John Maynard Keynes once wrote off as a "barbarous relic" has never shone more brightly.

From Bangkok to Bangor, investors are buying up gold—and paying record prices for it. Scarcely a week goes by without a fresh blast of bad news to push up the value of the mystic metal that thrives on crisis. Viet Nam's invasion of Cambodia, which began late in December, was one such event, but gold's biggest boost lately has been the winter-long turmoil in Iran. As investors have grown fearful of another energy crunch, the price has surged from under \$200 per oz. in mid-autumn to a record \$254 two weeks ago.

The climb has been helped by reports that South Africa, until recently a major consumer of Iranian oil, has negotiated a long-term deal to buy alternative supplies from Saudi Arabia in return for gold. Since South Africa is the world's largest gold producer and Saudi Arabia is the world's largest oil exporter, such a deal would divert much gold away from world commerce and into Saudi vaults, forcing up the price of the metal still more.

With the bullion markets boiling since before Christmas, a cooling-off period has been long overdue, and investors have been cashing in on their eye-popping profits. Last week prices closed at \$247, but few believed that the run-up was over. Traders were even talking of gold's next new plateau, and gold enthusiasts

were hoping that it would crack \$300.

In fact, the 1970s have already seen one of the most spectacular gold rushes ever. This reflects a panicky flight away from paper assets—stocks, bonds, money itself—and back to the enduring luster of one commodity that neither corrodes nor tarnishes but seems in a sense to be the embodiment of immortality.

The allure is undeniable. In all of history, only about 80,000 tons of gold have been mined, no more than could be easily loaded into the holds of four C-5A Air Force transports. Current production adds a mere 1,430 tons annually, less than a 2% increase.

Gold glitters not just because it is scarce but also because the future of many other investments seems so chancy. Inflation in the U.S., revolutions and coups around the world—the litany of upheavals has ceaselessly eaten away at people's faith in the abilities of their governments to deal effectively with the multiplying threats to global stability. The result has been a worldwide boom in doom, and in the marketplace of despair gold stands out like a beacon of security.

In the words of James Sinclair, a leading New York gold broker, the price of the metal "has become a kind of Dow Jones index of investor anxieties." A worldwide subculture of goldbugs is thriving on the doubts. Gold has its bankers and boosters, its brokers and dealers, its lecturers and analysts. Each of them can quote Robert Browning: "Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold."

Not only are private investors flocking to gold, but governments too are beginning to come back. It might even be argued that they never really left in the first place. Though U.S. policy since 1944

has been to "demonetize" gold and thereby reduce its importance as a store of any nation's wealth, the link between the dollar and gold is stronger than it has been in years.

The decline of the dollar has compelled the Federal Government to dip deeply into its own Fort Knox reserves in its efforts to prop the faltering currency. Since early 1975, the Treasury has been holding periodic gold auctions in an attempt both to drive down the metal's price and to improve the appalling U.S. balance of payments deficit. The auctions benefit the trade balance because gold sales to foreigners are counted as exports. The International Monetary Fund has also been conducting monthly auctions, but the dollar has kept plunging anyway. In fact, a key element of President Carter's November rescue plan, which finally succeeded in bringing at least the semblance of stability back to the dollar, was an agreement to double the amount of the Treasury's monthly auctions, to 1.5 million oz.

The Administration's policy of demonetizing gold will receive yet a further setback if, as is expected, eight of the nine members of Europe's Common Market next month begin pooling a portion of their official reserve holdings to create a kind of central bankers' supermoney. The European Currency Unit, or "ecu," is intended to be the precursor to a Common Market currency that would at least partly replace marks, francs, guilders and other national money. Each member nation must contribute not only paper money but also 20% of its gold reserves to the pool that will back the new ecu. In short, the ecu will be partly supported by gold. Laments one discouraged U.S. Treasury official: "The drive to demonetize gold has clearly suffered a major reversal. In just one year the weakness of the dollar has wiped out all the progress that we made in two decades."

Until recently, gold was only one of

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several beneficiaries of the global flight from the dollar. Investors also chased after the "hard currencies" that were not being debauched by inflation, especially the Swiss franc, the mark and the yen. As the dollar plunged, these currencies rose along with the value of gold. That is now beginning to change as more investors conclude that ultimately no industrial nation can withstand inflation and energy-related shocks. Says Guy Field, a London gold dealer: "Last year the high price of gold reflected the decline of the dollar on exchange markets. But gold is now moving ahead on its own accord as people insure themselves against the fickleness of all paper currencies."

Gold has always had a particular fascination for Old World investors, who have learned from grim experience that wars, revolutions and political strife can demolish less durable forms of investment. In France, the lust for gold remains as strong today as it was nearly two centuries ago when the National Assembly tried to spend its way to prosperity by issuing 400 million units of a paper currency called the assignat. Within five years, 50 billion of the worthless scraps were circulating, gold had jumped 600 times in value, and hoarding proliferated, even though the government made efforts to deal in the metal punishable by death.

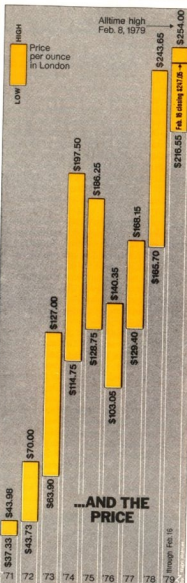
Today, along with bullion sales to oil-rich sheiks, monied Asian merchants and Europeans, there is surging demand in the U.S. Of the 34.2 million oz. of gold that entered commerce worldwide last year, almost one-fifth—11.5 million oz.—was sold in America. The largest jump has come in the purchase of South Africa's heavily promoted Krugerrands. Last year

the apartheid government in Pretoria minted 6 million of the 1-oz. coins, and nearly 3.7 million were imported by the U.S. That is more than twice as many as were bought the year before.

The largest bazaars for the purchase and sale of the metal remain in London and Zurich. As it has been since 1919, the worldwide price has been set twice a day on the London gold market by five of Britain's leading dealers in bullion. They meet in the offices of N.M. Rothschild & Sons, the City bank, and agree upon a price at which all are prepared to trade in the metal that day. Meanwhile in the U.S. an enormous and highly speculative market in the trading of gold "futures" contracts has developed on the New York Commodity Exchange and Chicago's International Monetary Market.

Nearly 60% of the gold that is sold ultimately becomes jewelry. In the U.S., it is marketed in shops from Beverly Hills' gilt-edged Rodeo Drive to Manhattan's grubby but thriving diamond district along West 47th Street, where wholesalers are constantly weighing their wares and repricing them as each new twitch in the gold markets alters their value.

Gold fever in the U.S. is so widespread that it is no longer accurate to speak of its victims as if they were right-wing zealots haunted by nightmares of starving marauders. A more typical buyer is New York Suburbanite Phillip Knapp, who is vice president of a paper firm. With a wife, three children and a six-figure income, Knapp seems every bit the successful American who ought to have confidence that the future will be as good to him as the past has been. But says he: "In 1975 I started to worry about where I could put my money. I say one thing to myself: it's



THOSE WHO PROFIT...

Many countries, companies and individuals are deeply involved in the gold trade and benefit when the price goes up. Thus they are committed to gold and tend to promote it. Here are some of the leading members of the Gold Establishment.

PRODUCING NATIONS

- South Africa (58% of world output)
- U.S.S.R. (21%)
- Canada (4%)
- U.S. (3%)
- Papua New Guinea (2%)

MINING COMPANIES

- Anglo American Corp. of South Africa
- Campbell Red Lake Mines (Canada)
- Dome Mines (Canada)
- Gold Fields of South Africa
- Homestake Mining (U.S.)

FABRICATING FIRMS

- Degussa (W. Germany)
- Engelhard Industries (U.S.)
- Gori & Zucchi (Italy)
- Handy & Harman (U.S.)
- Johnson, Matthey & Co. (U.K.)
- Lyon Almand (France)

BROKERAGE HOUSES

- (dealing in gold futures)
- Bache Halsey Stuart Shields
- E. F. Hutton
- Loeb Rhoades, Hornblower
- Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith
- Shearson Hayden Stone

BULLION DEALERS AND BANKERS

- J. Aron (U.S.)
- Bank Leu (Switz.)
- Credit Suisse (Switz.)
- Deutsche Bank (W. Germany)
- Dresdner Bank (W. Germany)

Johnson Matthey Bankers (U.K.)

- Mocatta & Goldsmid (U.K.)
- Mocatta Metals (U.S.)
- Samuel Montagu (U.K.)
- Republic National Bank (U.S.)

N. M. Rothschild & Sons (U.K.)

- Sharps, Pixley (U.K.)
- Swiss Bank
- Union Bank of Switzerland

DISTRIBUTORS

- Deak - Perera
- Dreyfus Gold Deposits
- Monex Int'l.
- Precious Metals Co.

ANALYSTS

- Christopher Glynn (Consolidated Gold Fields)
- Andre Sharon (Drexel Burnham Lambert)

James Sinclair (James Sinclair & Co.)

- Julian Snyder (International Moneyline)
- Charles Stahl (Green's Commodity Report)

Thomas Wolfe (Economic Consulting Services)

- Harry Brown (author of New Profits from the Monetary Crisis)

James Dines (Dines Letter)

- E. C. Harwood (Amer. Inst. for Economic Research)
- Franz Pick (Pick's Currency Yearbook)

Harry Schultiz (International Harry Schultiz Letter)

- John van Eck (International Investors Inc.)

not the franc or gold or silver that is going up, it's the dollar that is going down, and that's what worries me. Soon we will all be making \$100,000 a year, and instead of increases in buying power we'll have \$1 candy bars."

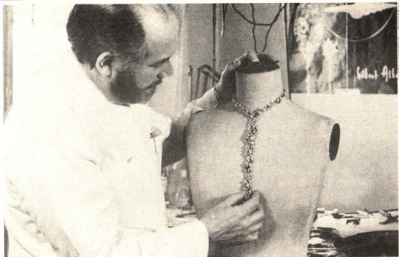
To protect his wealth, Knapp bought \$10,000 in gold at \$152 per oz., \$10,000 in silver, and half as much in Swiss francs. Just over three years later, the gold is worth more than \$16,000, and the other investments have also gained handsomely. Now he plans to increase his investments. At Deak-Perera, the nation's largest retailer of gold coins, Chairman Nicholas Deak reports that some of his recent customers have been high school kids. Says he: "It's a little scary. They just walk in and say they have a little money and they want to buy a Krugerrand."

Yet investment in gold may not be so clever. One often overlooked reason for gold's rise is that its value had been held down artificially at \$35 per oz. for nearly 34 years, until 1968. Much of the climb since then has been merely catching up.

True enough, the 30 stocks in the Dow Jones industrial average have not performed nearly so well as gold in the 1970s. They have lost close to 8% in value. But that hardly means that gold, which pays no dividends, would have been a better play. It was illegal for Americans to own gold until 1975, and by that time foreign speculators, anticipating an immediate rush into gold, had bid it up to nearly \$200 per oz. At that level, investors remained wary, and within a year the metal slumped to about half its value. Meanwhile, the Dow Jones average, which then stood at a bearish 616, began a rise. Even at last week's fairly modest level of 827, the Dow stocks have done better than gold since the beginning of 1975. The stocks have climbed 34%, while gold has gone up only 27%.



Krugerrand coin, one ounce of fine gold
A panicky flight away from paper assets.



Goldsmith admires an expensive necklace in the workroom of a fashionable Geneva jeweler
The enduring luster of one commodity that never corrodes or tarnishes.

Some forms of gold investment may turn out to be sucker's bets. Anyone with just one Krugerrand can boast about his "gold holdings," but the coins typically sell for 6% to 10% above the going rates paid by dealers for bullion. Worse, some banks and jewelry shops that sell them will not buy them back except at a similar-size discount, and a number of retailers will not repurchase them at all.

Hoping to prevent the Pretoria government from profiting by the U.S.'s gold fever, Congress last year passed a law requiring the Treasury to begin selling its own one-ounce and half-ounce gold pieces next spring. The coins, with profiles of Louis Armstrong and Mark Twain, will not be legal tender in the U.S., and will presumably be no easier to swap for real money than the Krugerrand.

The Administration is clearly right in wanting to bury gold as a monetary reserve. It would be dangerous to make the official wealth of the world's nations dependent upon the erratic supplies of a metal that comes largely from South Africa and the Soviet Union, whose governments can pump up or cut off sales at will. But gold will continue to glitter until a stable and acceptable monetary substitute can be found. In theory, there is nothing wrong with continuing to use the dollar as the world's primary currency for international trading and holdings of national reserves. But the U.S. has printed so much money to cover federal budget deficits, and has run such big balance of payments deficits, that as many as \$700 billion in greenbacks are swirling like confetti through the money markets of Europe and the Far East.

As a consequence, the world monetary system has become weakened and vulnerable, and even minor tremors often send currency values gyrating wildly. Lately the Administration seems to be coming around to the view that the system will need more than just day-to-day tinkering to keep it together. One pos-

sibility might be dragoning the ecu into service as a monetary reserve.

That would be another setback for the U.S., which has fought determinedly to retain the dollar as the world's leading reserve currency. If the dollar loses its dominant position, the U.S. no longer will enjoy the almost unique privilege of being able to run up huge deficits in international trade and paying them off simply by printing more money. The change would have the benefit of forcing the U.S. to accept some of the same economic and financial disciplines that the rest of the world's nations must endure. In brief, the U.S. would be obliged to contain its trade deficits, slow its creation of money and curb inflation. All that would tend to lift the dollar and depress gold.

One sign of just how willing the Administration may be to accept a diminished role for the dollar will come during IMF talks next month in Washington. The objective is to find a way of soaking up a portion of the \$175 billion in U.S. currency now on deposit in foreign central banks. The favored idea, first proposed last year by H. Johannes Witteveen, former head of the IMF, is to have foreign governments give the IMF some of their dollar deposits, in return for which the fund would issue them its Special Drawing Rights. The SDRs are nothing more than units of account that cannot be spent but are accepted by central banks as reserve assets.

This "substitution account" idea is at best a first step, though certainly a necessary one. Taking it will help sop up at least some of the dollars that are now held abroad. The only lasting solution to the dollar dilemma is to give genuine value to the U.S. currency by reducing inflation and the energy-heavy trade deficit. Until the greenback is once again made as good as gold, many millions of people will persist in believing that the barbarous relic is still a better bet.

Economy & Business

Voting for Pay

Workers set their own wages

The sign on the bulletin board at Seattle's Romac Industries, a pipe-fitting manufacturer, stood out from the usual mimeographed ads of cars for sale. It was Welder Tim Baker's appeal for a 45¢ hourly raise. "I'm requesting this increase because of inflation," he wrote alongside a color photo of himself busy welding a stainless-steel clamp. "The cost of living keeps going up, and the pay's the same. I work hard—just ask me. P.S.: Girls cost more to take out too."

Baker was not pitching to management, but to his 55 fellow employees, who would decide whether or not to grant his raise. In a secret ballot five days later, they voted overwhelmingly to boost his pay from \$5.55 an hour to \$6.

Romac began letting its employees decide their own wages in 1974, after a second attempt by the Teamsters to unionize the plant was only narrowly defeated. The management began posting on the bulletin board both monthly production figures and the wages of all workers up to plant supervisor. The idea was that employees could see the output trends, figure how much the company could afford and decide who deserved the most. Says President Manford McNeil, whose salary of "more than \$25,000" is set by the board of directors: "The workers are bound to have a better idea of how hard-working or reliable an employee is than I have. If it were up to me, I'd probably give the wrong guy a raise."

The company generally hires unskilled workers and starts them out at \$4.50 an hour. After six months, new employees may request raises by filling out a form; an applicant lists the size of his last raise, if any, his current pay, the amount of the requested raise and the reasons for it. Each worker sets an election date at least five days after so that other employees will have time to observe him on the job. The majority rules.

In all, 95% of the requests are granted. John Heins, who works in the rubber department, got two raises in two months for a total 80¢-an-hour increase (to \$6.50), and plans to request another in May. Pay requests have been so reasonable, averaging 10.9% last year, that management has never exercised its veto right.

This year, fortunately, Stage II allows for wage increases above the 7% guideline if productivity also increases. So far at Romac, productivity has surged, and last year the company had record sales of \$3 million. By all accounts, workers like the chance to have their peers acknowledge a job well done. Says John Heins: "The system makes this a pretty good place to work."

Executive View/Marshall Loeb

Strength in the Midsection

Strength right down the middle is the key to a strong baseball team or military force or national economy. So it might be worthwhile to look at the state of business in the city that by many measures is closest, geographically and spiritually, to the middle of America: Wichita. Rising from the pool-table Kansas wheat fields, surrounded by aerospace plants and enormous grain elevators that ride the prairies like battleships, this community of 262,000 has a problem. There are not enough workers to meet its surging demand.

The number of jobs has risen by more than a third during the 1970s, and unemployment in the past year is down from 4.1% to 2.9%, which is about as low as it can go in America's highly mobile society. (The national average is 5.8%.) Business leaders are eagerly advertising around the country for more skilled workers. If any butcher, baker or engineer wants a job, he or she will have no trouble finding it in this bustling producer of meat, wheat, planes, oil and gas.

Wichita is fortunate because all those businesses are buoyant now. But the community is also typical of many middle-size cities in the rich band between the Mississippi and the Rockies. Tulsa, Oklahoma City, Fort Worth, Austin,

Omaha and others are quietly booming, with their unemployment down to the 2½%-3½% range. They are the beneficiaries of economic diversification and the increasing desire of Americans to settle in cities that, as Beech Aircraft President Frank Hedrick puts it, "are small enough to allow individuals to excel and big enough to give them plenty of room to excel."

Hedrick, 68, whose florid face testifies to years spent in the summer sun and winter winds of Wichita, points out that "this certainly isn't the world's fanciest climate, so we must have other advantages." In his view, one echoed by various local business and labor chiefs: "A work ethic still exists in this part of the world. People feel they have to give

a day's work for a day's pay." Local people commonly speak of the city's Midwestern "openness." Says Hedrick: "I was in North Palm Beach the other day, and, hell, you have to be a second cousin to Jesus Christ if you want to play at the Seminole Golf Club. But the social as well as the economic strata are open to anybody who wants to work in Wichita."

More than 160 Vietnamese refugees are doing well working in a local meat packing plant (where employment has doubled in the past four years), and some of them are beginning to start their own small enterprises on the side. Wichita's unemployment rate for blacks, 7.7%, is much lower than the nation's average. Women are also getting ahead. Olive Beach, who with her late husband founded Beech Aircraft, is now its chairman (not chairperson), and thus ranks as one of the nation's highest female executives. Wichita's Nancy Kassebaum is the U.S. Senate's only woman member; the city's mayor is Connie Peters.

An admirable boosterism pervades the city. A. Dwight Button, chairman of the Fourth National Bank, boasts that he has hired two senior officers away from Houston banks. Iowa-born Richard Upton, who runs the hyperactive Chamber of Commerce, points to Metropolitan Life, NCR and many other big companies that have opened branches in the area. Tom Pierce, Wichita's AFL-CIO chief, notes that despite its right-to-work law, Kansas' average hourly wage is fairly high (\$6.11). Says Pierce: "If workers come here and stay for two or three months, you would have a tough time getting them to move out."

Sure there are shortcomings. Housing is scarce. Even the most vocal Wichita cheerleaders admit to a certain provincialism. Bible Belt conservatives have barred the public sale of liquor by the drink. But the city is on a culture kick. In the past decade, Wichita has opened a flying saucer-shaped civic center that dominates downtown, a 12,200-seat coliseum for conventions and cattle shows, one of the nation's better Indian museums, two art museums, a planetarium, a zoo and three new libraries. That hardly makes the community a rival to, say, Chicago. Yet almost everything is up to date in this Kansas city, and that is a good sign for the nation that surrounds it.



Wichita's Frank Hedrick

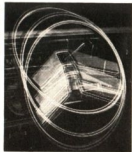
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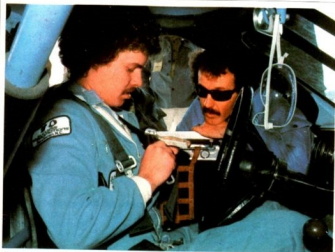
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People



Kyle Petty gets advice from Dad before the Daytona 200



Bergen with her Pudding pot

When lanky **Kyle Petty**, 18, asks, "Dad, can I have the car?" that familiar request acquires a special meaning. Dad in this case is "King" **Richard Petty**, 41, stock-car racing's winningest driver. Richard, in turn, is the son of **Lee Petty**, 64, who won on everything from dirt tracks to superspeedways. The family car is likely to be a souped-up \$50,000 Dodge Magnum. Kyle has opted to follow in the family tire tracks. In his first race he gunned to a half-car-length victory at 131.964 m.p.h. "He drove a hell of a race," said one Petty pit-stop partisan. "Just like his daddy—up against the wall."

The quick reply: Yes. But it was no humble priest the bold Vittoria had asked; at a papal audience for a delegation of sweepers that included her father, she put the question to **Pope John Paul II** himself. Vatican bureaucrats, already shaken by the new Pontiff's penchants for kissing babies, gladhanding crowds and holding impromptu press conferences, agreed this was another first: modern Popes traditionally perform the wedding ceremony only for their relatives or Vatican notables, certainly not for one couple, in this case a shopgirl and her electronics technician fiancé, 23.

Rolls-Royce. What more could a girl want? Whether she wanted it or not, Actress **Candice Bergen** (*Oliver's Story*) got a special perfume named "Eau de Billy Joe," a gold bean pot and an award as Woman of the Year, bestowed by Harvard's Hasty Pudding Theatricals. Bergen, who was kicked out of the University of Pennsylvania, told the crowd: "Today, as I proudly cradle this pot, I can look back on several visits by the dean of women at Penn, who once asked me, 'Candice, what will you be without your B.A.?' I can now tell her that she was right: nothing."

Royal Highness—honorary gentleman. Proclaiming her such was the Saudi Arabian way of solving a dilemma: women are strictly second-class citizens in one of the world's most conservative monarchies, yet great courtesy was due the first British monarch to visit their petro-penninsula. The Queen reciprocated by tailoring her trip to local custom. Royal Dressmaker Sir Norman Hartnell whipped up frocks with longer sleeves and hemlines. Hatmaker Frederick Fox tacked scarves to her hats to suggest the face veils worn by Muslim women. **Prince Philip** nevertheless ignored the stares of chauvinist sheiks and marched his customary three paces back.

One is a *grande dame* of Broadway, the other a young Yale drama graduate. **Colleen Dewhurst** and **Meryl Streep** play mother and daughter in *Taken in Marriage*. **Thomas Babe**'s barbed comedy about five women preparing for a wedding rehearsal in a small New Hampshire town. Getting ready for this week's opening, Streep took time out to reflect on her craft. "Good acting is opening the doors to that part of the role you see in yourself, and partnering that with your imagination and invention," she says.

A Harvardman (in drag) on her left, a Harvardman (in drag) on her right, and a ride through Cambridge in a yellow

England's **Elizabeth II** last week was not only Queen of Great Britain, Northern Ireland and assorted realms and territories, she was also His



Streep and Dewhurst play members of the wedding

On the Record

Donald Seibert, J.C. Penney chairman, after viewing the Treasures of Tutankhamun: "The Egyptians found a great way to get rid of their inventory. They buried it, but, even then, I noticed that they had some shrinkage."

Headline of the Week from the New York Times: HOW IRAN UNREST AFFECTS RUG TRADE.

Robert Orben, a Gerald Ford speechwriter: "I feel that if God had really wanted us to have enough oil, he never would have given us the Department of Energy."



Formal bodies to color swatches: *Female Model on Platform Rocker*, 1977-78, by Philip Pearlstein; Kim MacConnel's *Baton Rouge*, 1978

Art

Roundup at the Whitney Corral

A sprawling show of American painting and sculpture

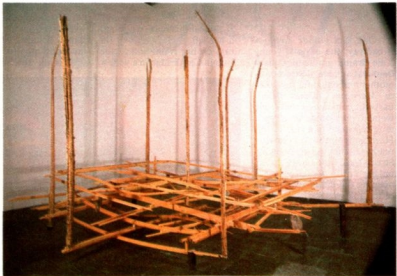
A few years ago, the word *salon* was scorned in the art world. It suggested a chaotic visual mob scene with thousands of mediocre paintings and sculptures stacked from floor to ceiling of an exhibition hall, accepted or rejected at the whim of reactionary committees. Good art, it was felt, did not disclose itself in crowd scenes. It was found in small concentrations in private galleries, or in tightly curated theme shows in museums, or in artists' retrospectives. Lately, however, some virtues of the 19th century *salon* system—for until the rise of the private dealer in contemporary art after 1900, the *salon* was the main meeting point between new art and a wide public in Europe—have become apparent. In particular, the *salon* was relatively democratic. Any artist could send to it and stand a chance of acceptance. It suited a culture with a vast pool of unemployed, or insecurely employed, talent. There were more painters than buyers in the Paris of the 1850s, just as there are far more artists being produced by the art-education system in the U.S. today than there are galleries interested in their work. The *salon* was an indispensable testing ground, and may become so again for us today.

The Whitney Museum's Biennial, which opened last week, is not a real *salon*. It is too closely preselected for that; entrance is by invitation only. Nonetheless, since 1932 it has been the closest thing to a *salon* that New York City has had. At least some of the names in the 1979 exhibition—which includes 110 objects by 56 painters and sculptors, along with programs of film and video work by 32 other artists—are not likely to be

known to most museum visitors. What the five curators who chose the show have given us is a pan around a diverse, though often bland horizon, rather than a squared-up essay in the dominance of some historical direction. And rightly so: one lesson of the past ten years in American art has been that movements have vanished with the death of the avant-garde. The very idea of collaborative groupings, once an essential part of modernist practice, seems to have lost its strength—at least for the moment. In fact,

it takes some effort to remember the days in the '60s when the air was thick with talk about which movement (Op, Pop, post-painterly abstraction, *arte povera*, conceptualism, photo-realism) was the latest incarnation of history. In an eerie way, the future seems to have joined the past (as far as painting and sculpture are concerned) in a common elephants' graveyard. So one is left with the individual talent, the single work. Diversity is all; and if this cooling-off has deprived the art world of its former urgency, at least it has the merit of reality. The only people who still feel nostalgic for the days of movements are dealers; the historical handle made paintings easier to shift.

The only "big" movement of the 1960s with an aesthetic that continues to be felt



Sculptor Michael Singer's wooden construction, *First Gate Ritual Series 10/78*, 1978

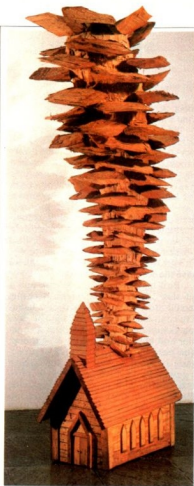
In the salon, lumberyard Piranesi, nostalgia for the primitive and some empty grids.

in the 1979 Whitney Biennial is, oddly enough, minimalism—a style made up of simple, primary, uninflected forms, usually garnished with tangled masses of oversubtilized criticism. Less, these days, does not seem to be more, especially when the work in question is yet another empty grid by Sol LeWitt, or something like Richard Serra's *Toll*, 1978-79—three walls of a gallery enclosure painted dead, oily black. In the past, some of Serra's sculptures have been memorable, their slabs and rolls of lead or iron imbued with a harshly macho directness. Compared with them, *Toll* is merely a shrug of indifference. What is such work about? Nothing, except the conventional performance of an artist basking in the routine approval of a museum.

Some of the minimal work in the Biennial, like Brice Marden's wax-encastic panels, is beautifully made, but the craftsmanship is placed at the service of no discernible idea; it is art's answer to the well-made play, a kind of systematic décor—though (mercifully perhaps) without the metaphysical pretensions of its ancestor, Barnett Newman's work. More likable are the folded tracing-paper drawings by Dorothea Rockburne, with their spare geometry of arc and line appearing through superimposed translucencies of paper—the product, if not of passionate invention, at least of rigorously organized taste. The problem with work of this kind is not that it is in some way provocative or unfamiliar, but the reverse: its very reticence, its excessive care about its own limits, unintentionally becomes a form of surrender. There is very little here that was not done better, and under the stress of a more vivid necessity, in Europe and in Russia 50 years ago. It is all footnote and no text.

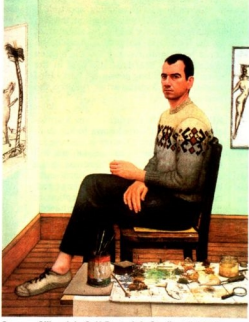
But to see what an abstract artist at the height of his powers can do, one should go to the two large relief paintings by Frank Stella, with their flapping, exuberant forms slithered in paint, crayon and glitter: a splendid yawp of vitality. Beside such work, nearly all the abstract painting being done by artists of Stella's generation in the U.S. today looks either timid or bored. Among younger artists, the abstract impulse tends to be more plainly decorative, less ambitious: witness the elaborately imbricated patterns of Joyce Kozloff's *Mad Russian Blanket*, or the high-keyed color swatches, like details from Matisse's wallpaper backgrounds, of Kim MacConnel's *Baton Rouge*, 1978. There is also a liking for emblems, sometimes of a puzzling sort—as in the paintings of Lois Lane (not a pseudonym), which sport in profile a curious little animal vaguely resembling a horse, silhouetted on a column against a dark background or dangling from what appears to be a parachute. Here, quirkiness is pushed almost to the point of risk.

Of more orthodox figurative art, there is no lack. Philip Pearlstein,



Texas Sculptor James Surls' *Tornado*, 1977

FORUM GALLERY, NEW YORK



Gregory Gillespie's *Self-Portrait in Studio*, 1976-77

An arresting bravura in the knobby Flemish hands.

that master of the art school nude—the flesh always rendered cold, the formality of the body emphasized by photographic-style cropping—has produced one of the best paintings of his career in *Female Model on Platform Rocker*, 1977-78, with its uneasily tilting floor line and stutter of shadows cast by the slats of the chair across the pale wall. California's Robert Graham is represented by a group of his small, fragmentary bronze torsos, minutely finished, imbued with something of the erotic dandyism of the *Belle Epoque*. But the prize for obsessiveness, were it to be given, surely belongs to Gregory Gillespie, 44, whose *Self-Portrait in Studio*, 1976-77, is rendered with maniacal detail—everything in place, every pore on the knobby hands and taut face a deliberate homage to the Flemish *quattrocento*, and the palette with its squidgy mounds of pigment (paint depicting paint as well as painter) turned into one of the most arresting displays of realist bravura in recent American art.

The Biennial's sculpture tends toward a kind of monotonous and outside wackiness. A lot of it has more in common with precincts or buildings than with the usual conventions of sculpture: surrealism, mixed with primitivist nostalgia, is its presiding spirit. Donna Dennis' large-scale model of a frame house—swollen doll's quarters, too small to function as a building—is one example of the syndrome, and another is Alice Aycock's 24-ft.-long construction of arches, ladders and drumlike wooden wheels, whose title (*The Happy Birthday Day Coronation Piece*) sounds as portentous as the piece looks. This kind of lumberyard Piranesi is simply too big for its boots.

There is the expected quota of mock anthropology and imaginary biology; the most eccentric and striking example of that genre being a pair of crude effigies of horses, made from sticks, chicken wire and mud by the California artist Deborah Butterfield. There is also a hilarious piece of funkiness by a Texas sculptor, James Surls, representing a tornado chewing through the roof of a church; Surls' debt to that master of buckeye surrealism, H.C. Westermann, is obvious enough, but the image has a wobbly comic-strip blatancy about it that carries conviction.

The best large sculpture in the show is a delicate construction of wooden slats, curled and woven through one another and supported on pebbles, by Michael Singer. Its ancestor is Giacometti's famous surrealist construction of the 1930s, *The Palace at 4 a.m.*—there is a similar feeling of spindliness, fragility and, isolated in its museum cell, of mystery. Though it suggests other cultures (bamboo lattices, fish traps, grave-marker posts), it does not do so in a sloppy, metaphorical way. At 33, Singer is clearly an artist worth watching.

—Robert Hughes

Sport



The magical touch of Larry Bird

Pure Gold in The Corn Belt

A pair of aces at Indiana State

Tops in their sports, two remarkable stars with remarkably different styles are brightening the long winter in Terre Haute:

LARRY BIRD. Watching him play stirs pleasant memories for basketball purists: not only can he shoot and rebound as well as the game's legendary forwards; he is an old-fashioned playmaker, a passer who can look one way and hit the open man breaking for the hoop. Averaging 28.6 points a game, Larry Bird, 22, is the second leading college scorer and stands third in rebounds. What is more, he has led his hitherto obscure team through a schedule that reads like the mail drops on the midnight train to Yuma—Wichita State, Tulsa, West Texas State, New Mexico State—and arrived at the top of last week's Associated Press national rankings.

Plenty for any collegian to crow about, but Bird maintains a strange public silence. Claiming he was misquoted last fall, Bird has steadfastly refused to talk to the press, save for two trusted local reporters and occasional television and radio representatives. "A lot of sportswriters ask

you who your girlfriend is and things like that," Bird has said. "I don't want to talk about personal things. Basketball, that's what I'm here for."

The 6-ft. 9-in. Bird was a model of calm consistency in last week's 100-75 victory over West Texas. He effortlessly scored 27 points, grabbed 19 rebounds and passed brilliantly. "You can't take your eyes off him one second or he'll hit you in the face with the ball," says Teammate Carl Nicks. Three nights later, Bird registered 20 points and 13 rebounds as Indiana State ran its record to 24-0 with a 69-68 win over Southern Illinois. Still, Bird—when he talks—is frank enough to say, "It's great to be No. 1, but I don't think we have the best team in the country."

Bird may be weak on defense and a bit slow afoot, but neither shortcoming should prevent him from getting a lucrative contract in pro basketball. The Boston Celtics drafted Bird last year as a junior and have until June 24 to sign him. The team has gone out of its way to acquire Jeff Judkins and Rick Robey, both friends of Bird's, an obvious effort to feather a nest for him in Boston. Says Celtic Player-Coach Dave Cowens: "He's unselfish, he can pass, and he doesn't mind mixing it up underneath."

If the Celtics do not succeed in signing Bird by June 24, they lose all rights to him, and he will be picked again—probably first—in this year's draft, which will be held the next day. In addition to his varied skills, Bird has one other box office advantage for pro owners in a game increasingly dominated by blacks: he is white.

Given his dislike of flying, sportswriters, big cities and public attention, the shy, blond sharpshooter knows his adjustment to the National Basketball Association could be painful. As he plays the packed arenas of the heartland, basking in the cheers and avoiding newsmen, Larry Bird seems to be savoring what may be the best days of his life.

KURT THOMAS. His fate is to be a world-class athlete still little known to his countrymen, but Kurt Thomas is not the retiring sort. This month alone, he will travel over 10,000 miles, crisscrossing the country to gymnastic competitions, exhibitions, banquets, television tapings and, this week, a White House reception in his honor. "In a major sport like basketball, Larry Bird can just say to everyone, 'Leave me alone, I'm going to make my million anyway,'" says Thomas. "But in a minor sport, it's what we need to do."

At 22, Kurt Thomas is considered the finest male gymnast the U.S. has ever produced, and he's aiming to be the best in the world at the 1980 Olympic Games in Moscow. Anxious to avoid post-Olympic fadeout, Thomas is seeking wide exposure for his all-American good looks and the easy charm that he has shown to good

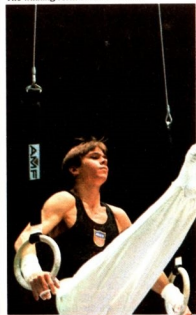
advantage on talk shows with Dinah, Merv and Johnny.

Whether on the road or at home with his wife Beth, Thomas insists on two-hour workouts three times a day, an exhausting regimen he has followed for six years. Last October, he became the first American male in 46 years to win an international gymnastic event, capturing the gold medal in the floor exercise at the World Games in Strasbourg, France.

Gymnastic judges look for risk, originality and virtuosity, and Thomas displays all three. He uses his ideal physique—5 ft. 5 in., with short legs and long arms—to excel in the six individual events, showing rare versatility for an American. Thomas also possesses a much coveted intangible: the ability to electrify his audience. One especially rousing maneuver, known internationally as the "Thomas flare," is a flashy series of wide-swinging leg moves performed on the pommel horse and in the floor exercise. To win the Olympics, Thomas will have to beat the Japanese, who are already studying his techniques and who marvel at his showmanship. Indeed, Masahide Ota, a top Japanese gymnastics official, admits he is urging his stars "to be as original as Kurt."

With legions of adoring teen-age girls at every competition, Thomas is already the Donny Osmond of U.S. gymnastics. After a recent meet against Southern Illinois, Heidi Spoden, 14, clutched his freshly signed autograph and said, "I like him 'cause he's cute, and he's good, and he's so sure of himself in everything. He has it all." Not quite. There is still that gold medal to be won in Moscow. ■

The winning form of Kurt Thomas



Armageddon in the Superdome

If Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, then . . .

It was great—while it lasted. Sixteen seconds after the first game began, Guy Lafleur scored for the National Hockey League All-Stars against the Soviets' national team in Madison Square Garden. The final score was 4-2, and the honor and heritage of Canada and the U.S. were safe. But the Soviets rallied to win the second match, 5-4, and then humiliated the N.H.L. in the rubber game, 6-0. The debacle stirred musings about future showdowns with the Soviets in which national honor would be at stake:

The Soviets had scarcely finished wiping up Madison Square Garden with the N.H.L. capitalists when Pete Rozelle, czar of all he surveyed in pro football, was on the phone to the White House. "Beat them now, Mr. President," he said, "and beat them big, or they'll be muscling in everywhere—the U.S. Tennis Open, the America's Cup, the jumping-frog contest in Calaveras County . . ."

"Fine," said Jimmy. "All I want is a team that is as good and honest and true as the American people. We got one?"

"Sort of," said Rozelle, and placed a call to the Kremlin. Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev came on the line. "You guys think you're so tough," said Pete, "how about a little game of football?"

Brezhnev thought for a moment. "This football," he said, "it is like hockey without skates, right?"

"Exactly," said Rozelle.

"What about Tuesday?" asked Brezhnev.

"Tuesday?"

"Well," said Brezhnev, "maybe we could get ready by Monday. I don't know—we've never played this football."

Rozelle explained about the problem of selling deodorant and antifreeze ads on the tube for a hundred grand or so a half minute. "And you've got to find some cheerleaders with cute belly buttons," he said. "That takes time." Brezhnev said he could see the wisdom of that. They settled on a date three months later in the Superdome. "A superduper game for the Superdome," said Rozelle. "I like it, I like it," said Brezhnev.

So the N.F.L. picked the very best players in the land and sequestered them for training in Palm Beach. Coach Tom Landry, chosen by the National Security Council, was so up for the game that he bought himself another of those little fedoras that make him look like a homicide detective, wise and tough. "The Soviets aren't ten feet tall," he said.

Then the Soviets showed up. They were ten feet tall. The blue jeans that Rozelle gave them as a welcoming present came to their knees. But the visitors just laughed and said they were looking forward to playing against Too Short Jones. Landry told newsmen that the Soviets put their pants on one leg at a time.

It turned out they put them on two legs at a time, leaping high and accomplishing the maneuver in mid-air. The networks sold all available time to the underarm and antifreeze boys and predicted the biggest TV audience in history. Brezhnev said let Teng put that in his cowboy hat.

Learned scholars and Richard Nixon pointed out how football was a game that symbolized the essence of the American character. The Americans practiced in a veritable frenzy of patriotism. Terry Bradshaw strengthened his passing hand by squeezing the milk out of coconut shells. "No more Mr. Nice Guy," vowed Mean Joe Greene. O.J. Simpson promised he would play, gimpy leg or no, and jumped



DRAWING BY THE BY JACK DAVIS

over two Avis sedans and three account executives.

On the great day, the Superdome was crammed with superpatriots. Barry Goldwater was on the 50-yard line with a flag in each hand. The Soviets' water boy put down his bucket and sang *The Internationale*. Rozelle retaliated massively by fielding the Mormon Tabernacle Choir to sing *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

The Soviets came on the field looking as though they had modeled their uniforms on pictures from the Harvard-Yale program for 1920. They had. Not only were they wearing those floppy leather helmets, but their kidney pads stuck out of their Commie-red pants. No one had told them about huddles. The quarterback tried to draw his plays on the artificial turf with his finger. A wintry

smile creased the face of Tom Landry.

The Soviets ran 60 yards for a touchdown. Then they ran for five more. Fearful Jack Lambert of the World Champion Pittsburgh Steelers managed to tackle one Soviet back, confining him to a gain of only 30 yards. "What are you guys smoking?" he hissed.

The Soviet pressed a Marxist tract into Lambert's hand. "It is written," he said, "that winning isn't the only thing—it is everything."

Lambert uttered an indelicacy. "Pull up your socks, big boy," said the Soviet, consulting his 1930s phrase book. "And give the glad eye to Marxist-Leninist know-how."

Midway through the second period the networks cut the disaster off the air. No one ever did learn the final score. Congress scheduled hearings on the affair. Kissinger mournfully intoned that once

again the Carter Administration had not understood the use of power: we should never have given the Soviets the ball.

Carter retreated to Camp David to think. Then he called a press conference. "We will settle this thing once and for all," he smiled. "We will invite them to—and here he picked up a shiny white object and began tossing it with one hand—"a game of baseball."

The nation prepared for Armageddon. Carter himself placed the call to Brezhnev. "How about a game of baseball?" he asked.

"Baseball?" said Brezhnev. There was a moment of silence. "That's the one with sticks like hockey, but no skates, right?"

"Right," smiled the President.

"How about Monday afternoon?"

—James D. Atwater

Cinema



Vanessa Redgrave as Christie and Dustin Hoffman as her pursuer in *Agatha*

Restoration

AGATHA

Directed by Michael Apter
Screenplay by Kathleen Tynan and Arthur Hopcraft

Ostensibly, *Agatha* is a fiction that attempts to fill in the lacunae in the historical record of one of this century's least pressing but most fascinating enigmas: that ten-day period in 1926 when Agatha Christie, that shy and eminently respectable mystery writer, seemed to disappear off the face of the earth, becoming the object of a very noisy hue and cry in England before she was found, volunteering (as she never did) no explanation for the only untoward incident in her otherwise gray twelfth life. Actually, the true subjects of this movie, based on a story by Co-Scenarist Tynan, are cloche hats, potted palms, brass- and wood-fitted motorcars and, above all, the manners, styles and quaint equipment to be found a half-century ago in an expensive health spa like the one where Christie went to ground. These Director Apter photographs with a dreamy yet intensely curious eye, and the result is a slow but curiously absorbing entertainment, something like a stroll through a well-restored historic house where one is led to romanticize the lives once led there.

This mood is encouraged by the story. It posits a dreadfully shy and innocent Christie hopelessly in love with her bumptiously philandering husband and so distraught over his affair with his secretary that she follows the woman to the

spa. There the mystery writer plots, as neatly as she would one of her novels, a crime that will 1) put her out of her romantic misery and 2) wreak suitable vengeance on her husband and his mistress. This is as plausible as any other explanation of Christie's disappearance, though no more persuasive than any other that might be dreamed up by a clever person confronting the puzzle. What is persuasive, or at least highly appealing, is the tentative, restorative relationship that develops between Christie and the American journalist who discovers her whereabouts and falls so deeply in love with her that he cannot break the story.

Christie is played by Vanessa Redgrave, the American by Dustin Hoffman—a very odd couple indeed. Redgrave simply has no peer when it comes to playing women rendered both vulnerable and awkward by the intensity of emotions that cannot be fully expressed. She is lovely and touching. Hoffman's character is based on a vanished type, the journalistic dandy of the Richard Harding Davis variety. He's a man who travels with a dozen suitcases full of bespoke clothing, knows his way around nîenus and room clerks, has the air of a self-made man who is pleased with the job he did on himself. Also, of course, she is very tall and he is very short, a fact the movie cheerfully plays up to underscore the improbability of their attraction.

In the end, nothing can come of their relationship: a kiss in a hallway is the extent of their physical contact. But the reporter does unravel the writer's plot in time to prevent her carrying it out. More

important, we understand that his attentions are enough to restore her sense of her own worth, to bring her out of her temporary insanity. One might perhaps wish that Apter had not used a diffusion filter quite as often as he did (it sometimes seems the English fog has crept into almost every room his characters occupy), and that he had allowed a little more light to shine on some of his scenes. Nevertheless, and despite the Christie family's objections to this invasion of their historical privacy, this is a very nice movie: quietly, slyly witty, confident enough of its virtues to take its sweet time in telling its story, and marked by two endearing performances.

—Richard Schickel

Dead End

THE WARRIORS

Directed by Walter Hill
Screenplay by David Shaber and Walter Hill

The plot of this New York City gang movie is almost nonexistent, and what does exist is tedious. The large cast is wooden; the language is flat; the humor is childish, and the content would not engage the imagination of a lesser insect. Still, it is not so easy to consign *The Warriors* to the junk heap. Though *The Warriors* is trash, it is handsome trash. It excites the eyes even as it numbs the mind.

Director Walter Hill does not seem to know much about contemporary teenage hoods. The gangs in his film differ only slightly from the Dead End Kids of the '30s, the Jets of *West Side Story*, or even the Sweatshops of TV's *Welcome Back, Kotter*. With a little help from a concerned social worker, these misunderstood kids could probably be college timber. What Hill does understand is the steely textures of urban nightmares. From its opening image—a neon pink Coney Island Ferris wheel against an inky sky—to its final burst of gore, *The Warriors* offers a hallucinatory vision of New York's deadliest nocturnal horrors. Hill creates creepy poetry out of menacing shadows, glinting switchblades, garish graffiti and charging subway trains. If enough people see this movie, it could sabotage single-handed the "I Love New York" advertising campaign.

Unfortunately, sheer visual zip is not enough to carry the film: it drags from one scuffle to the next. Deborah Van Valkenburgh, as the love interest of the Warriors' war Chief (Michael Beck), provides a few libidinous moments; a lesbian disco dance scene has its peculiar charms. But *The Warriors* is not lively enough to be cheap fun or thoughtful enough to be serious. Walter Hill, the talented director of *Hard Times*, the 1975 boxing movie, badly needs a direction to his career.

—Frank Rich

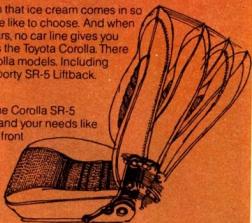
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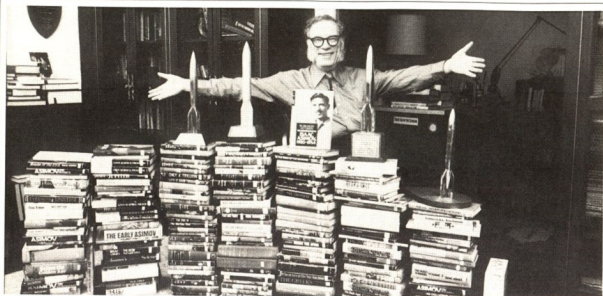
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Books



Author Asimov in his New York apartment with a collection of his favorite writer's first 200 books

What Makes Isaac Write?

OPUS 200 by Isaac Asimov; Houghton Mifflin; 329 pages; \$10.95
IN MEMORY YET GREEN: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ISAAC ASIMOV, 1920-1954 Doubleday; 732 pages; \$15.95

Other writers may sit white-knuckled at their desks, grinding out a few pages a day, a book every couple of years. Not Isaac Asimov. Back in 1938, the teenage author sold his first tale to *Amazing Stories*, a science-fiction magazine. Encouraged, he branched out from sci-fi to fields as varied as his interests: literary criticism, psychology, mathematics, mystery, poetry, humor, American history. Simenon may have written more thrillers,

Chesterton more poetry and philosophy, Pulp Romance Writer Barbara Cartland more novels. But no single author has ever written more books about more subjects than Isaac Asimov.

This month he extends that record with the publication of his 200th book. Leave it to Asimov to complicate things by passing the milestone twice. With rival publishers equally eager to bring out the landmark work, the author has sat-

isfied both by assigning the same number to two offerings.

Both are remarkable works. *Opus 200* is a cornucopia: for sci-fi buffs there are excerpts from the 1972 novel *The Gods Themselves* and the award-winning robot story *The Bicentennial Man*. For those who prefer Asimov's other talents, there are such tours de force as an introduction to binary numbers; an explanation, in language that even Dick and Jane can follow, of why it is possible (but not practical) to reverse the basic nuclear reaction and convert energy into matter; some witty Asimovian annotations on Shakespeare, the Bible and the poetry of Rudyard Kipling and Lord Byron; as lagniappe, he throws in a few limericks of the type

Excerpts

“Can cars have ideas? The motor designers say no. But they mean under ordinary conditions. Have they foreseen everything?”

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There are millions of automobiles on Earth, tens of millions. If the thought gets rooted in them that they're slaves; that they should do something about it...

Maybe it won't be till after my time. And then they'll have to keep a few of us to take care of them, won't they? They wouldn't kill us all.

And maybe they would. Maybe they wouldn't understand about how someone would have to care for them. Maybe they won't wait. [*Nightfall and Other Stories*, 1969]

The propensity for judging matters with a variable mea-

sure shows up in the game of Conjugation, which expresses the differing manner in which we treat ourselves, present company, and absent unfortunates:

I am firm; you are stubborn; he's an obstinate mule.

I am liberal; you are radical; he's a Communist.

I am far-seeing; you are a visionary; he's a fuzzy-minded dreamer. [*Isaac Asimov's Treasury of Humor*, 1971]

Idle curiosity, we may call it. Yet, though we may sneer at it, we judge intelligence by it. The dog, in moments of leisure, will sniff idly here and there, pricking up its ears at sounds we cannot hear; and so we judge it to be more intelligent than the cat, which in its moments of leisure grooms itself or quietly and luxuriously stretches out and falls asleep. The more advanced the brain, the greater the drive to explore, the greater the 'curiosity surplus.' The monkey is a byword for curiosity. Its busy little brain must and will be kept going on whatever is handy. And in this respect, as in many others, man is but a supermonkey. [*Asimov's Guide to Science*, 1972]

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The WLS morning news team, left to right: Kathy McFarland, Jeffrey Hendrix, Lon Dyson and news director Bud Miller.



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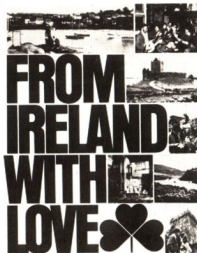
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Books



Weich and Boyd in the bloodstream

An ability to dramatize.

that family magazines do not reprint.

The other Opus 200, *In Memory Yet Green*, is a guide to Asimov himself: a detailed, candid account of his early days in Brooklyn, in the developing field of science fiction, in the worlds of college teaching and book publishing. *In Memory*, which follows its central character to his 34th year (he is now 59), may not fall into the same class as Rousseau's *Confessions*. But like the author, it is ceaselessly informative and entertaining.

Asimov skips quickly over his birth and early life in the tiny Russian town of Petrovichi, which he left at the age of three and does not fully remember. But he writes with total recall of his sister Marcia and brother Stanley (now assistant publisher of the Garden City, N.Y., daily *Newsday*) and of their early days in Brooklyn, where Papa Asimov serially owned five candy stores.

"A candy store is open every day of the week," writes Asimov of those early days. "In some respects, it made me an orphan." The demands of the store cut him off from his parents; Isaac's behavior severed him from his contemporaries. For he was not only brighter than his older classmates, he was eager to make them aware of his stratospheric IQ.

The lonely, insufferable kid was father of the gifted man. Forbidden to read the lurid pulp magazines sold in the store, Isaac pored over science-fiction monthlies. He soon began to send them short stories. At an age when many fellow students were struggling to express themselves, Asimov, who entered Columbia University's Seth Low Junior College at age 15, helped pay for his college and graduate school with fiction that sold for a penny a word. At a time when many young men were looking for their first postcollege jobs, Asimov published what

Books

became one of the most anthologized sci-fi stories in history, *Nightfall*, a speculation about how man would view the stars if they appeared only once every thousand years.

On the ascent from novice to Grand Master of true and fictive science, the autobiographer omits few details of his daily life, recollecting conversations with editors, wrangles with professors and later, when he was a professor himself (he taught biochemistry at the Boston University School of Medicine for two decades), with his employers. Nor does he skimp on such intimate details as the site and sound of his introduction to extramarital sex. "What it amounts to is that she seduced me," writes Asimov in apparent amazement. "I just followed along, with my teeth more or less chattering, and not out of passion."

Whether he made other amatory conquests remains to be revealed in Vol. II of Asimov's autobiography, now under fevered construction. For the normally imperturbable author is nervous for the first time in his literary life. "It's kind of frightening," he confesses. "If people don't like your novel, they don't like your novel. But if they don't like your autobiography, it means they don't like you." The anxiety is unnecessary. As William Blake once proclaimed, energy is eternal delight. Not everyone may like every one of Asimov's other volumes. But it is hard to see how anyone could finish this vigorous autobiography and not be delighted with the dynamo that produced it. —Peter Stoler

He describes himself, on dust jackets and in introductions, as "devilishly handsome." The description is as fantastic as his novels. Isaac Asimov is a stocky man with a shock of unruly, graying hair, twinkling blue eyes and a grin that turns into a satyr's leer at the sight of an attractive woman. He is a self-acknowledged and thus thoroughly affable egotist. But then, he has a lot to be egotistical about.

Asimov is a genius according to any of the tests by which intelligence is measured, a prodigy who manifests his abilities in a tsunami of words. In the four decades since he published his first story, Asimov has written more science fiction than Kurt Vonnegut's legendary Kilgore Trout. A compilation of Asimov's other works includes several volumes of detective fiction (*Tales of the Black Widowers*, *Murder at the ABA*), books on chemistry, astronomy and religion; *The Intelligent Man's Guide to Science* ("The title refers to the author, not the reader"); the novelization of the film *Fantastic Voyage*, which helped propel Raquel Welch through the bloodstream; and a book of instructions on how to be a dirty old man. "A lot of people can write," says the author. "I have to."

He has had to since he looked up from a laboratory bench at Boston University and decided that his future was at the typewriter, not the microscope. "I real-



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Books



Asimov at a callow 20

A natural-born explainer.

ized that I would never be a first-rate scientist," recalls Asimov. "But I could be a first-rate writer. The choice was an easy one: I just decided to do what I did best."

What he does best is simplify science for those who have little or no scientific training. But he also does well with specialists. Astronomer-Author Carl Sagan considers Asimov "the greatest explainer of the age." Says a Harvard research physicist: "Frankly, I read the man so that I can explain my own work to friends." Martin Gardner, an editor of *Scientific American*, calls Asimov "one of the top science writers in the business simply because, like all good novelists, he knows how to dramatize."

The dramatist correctly analyzes himself as "not a speed reader but a speed understander, and a natural-born explainer." He is also a natural-born worker. He never has fewer than three projects going simultaneously, sits down seven days a week at a cluttered desk in his Manhattan apartment and writes at least eight hours a day, banging out manuscripts at a phenomenal 90 words a minute. Unconcerned with literary style, Asimov concentrates instead on clarity. The result is a manuscript that can usually be taken from the typewriter to the typesetter. His publishers, who know a good thing when they see it, welcome his work, from which they have made millions over the years.

Financial security has meant a great deal to the candy-store owner's son. But what Isaac Asimov enjoys even more than comfort is that festival of contradictions known as Isaac Asimov. The man who talks like a randy bachelor is, in fact, the proud father of a son and a daughter, both in their 20s, and the husband of Psychiatrist Janet Jeppson (his first marriage ended in divorce in 1973). The robust and prodigious eater is the survivor of a 1977

heart attack as well as a thyroid cancer operation. The inveterate partygoer and dazzling conversationalist never drinks anything stronger than ginger ale. The carefree author cannot shake a persistent fear—certainly not of writer's block, or of ill health, or even of nuclear catastrophe. The man whose fiction has sent men and machines across whole galaxies, and through time in perhaps his most memorable single novel, *The End of Eternity*, refuses to board a plane. "Everybody has to worry about something," he muses. "Some people worry about sex. With me, it's jets." Which seems fair. After 200 books on every conceivable subject, it would be surprising to see Isaac Asimov up in the air about anything. As proof, an Asimov sampler:

The Foundation Trilogy (Avon, \$5.95 paperback). A long time ahead in a galaxy far, far away, an old, decadent empire crumbles into barbarism as a farsighted few struggle, at the risk of their lives, to preserve enough fragments to lay the foundations for a new empire. The plot is familiar to anyone who has waded his way through Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. But it was brought up to date and carried forward into a frightening future in this Asimov trilogy. A collection of pieces originally published serially in the monthly science-fiction magazine *Asiomatic*, the trilogy has been honored with the Science Fiction Writers of America's Hugo Award as the best all-time series and read by millions in the quarter-century since it was first published in book form. The appeal is understandable for, like Gibbon's, Asimov's message is universal: ideas may outlive the men who think them, but empires, Roman or galactic, are ephemeral. It is only historians that last.

Asimov's Guide to Science (Basic Books, \$17.95 hard-cover). One of the byproducts of scientific advance is the widening chasm between specialists and laymen. Indeed, even those who live in the research laboratory are likely to get lost when they leave their own rooms. This work is a flashlight that can help keep everyone from stumbling around in the dark. The author knows his way around the physical and biological sciences, and he manages to set a pace that will neither intimidate beginners nor cause those with a little knowledge to yawn. Science Authority Asimov's no-nonsense prose style is rarely a thing of beauty, but it conveys facts with a minimum of obfuscation; what is more, his curiosity and enthusiasm are infectious. The term popularizer has attracted some shady connotations, but the Asimov of this book deserves none of them. He is a popularizer in the best sense: someone who brings knowledge to people.

Murder at the ABA (Doubleday, \$7.95 hard-cover; Fawcett, \$1.75 paperback). At a convention of the American Booksellers Association, a bestselling young novelist named Giles Devore is found dead in his

hotel room. The only one who suspects foul play is Author Darius Just, and he must work his way through a healthy number of suspects to prove his case. The formula is familiar, and Asimov, wearing his mystery writer's hat, works it out with ease. He also introduces himself as a character and manages to dominate long passages of the novel; when Asimov is not onstage, other characters are talking about him. This amiable megalomania often shoves suspense well into the background. *Murder at the ABA*, published in 1976, will not keep readers on the edge of their seats; it is a well-worn armchair, overstuffed, shaky at the joints, but a comfortable place to be.

Asimov's Guide to the Bible: The Old Testament and The New Testament (each: Doubleday, \$12.95 hard-cover; Avon, \$4.95 paperback). It was the omissions in the Old and New Testaments that begat *Asimov's Guide to the Bible* (1968 and 1969). "It happens," writes the author, "that millions of people today know of Nebuchadnezzar, and have never heard of Pericles, simply because Nebuchadnezzar is mentioned prominently in the Bible and Pericles is never mentioned at all." Biblical Scholar Asimov characteristically mentions all: history, biography, geography, archaeology and cross-culture myths that are the roots if not the artistic and spiritual blossoms of the Good Book. The result is another testament to the author's Jovian powers of assimilation and explanation.

Limericks: Too Gross (Norton, \$7.95 hard-cover). Asimov the poetaster and John Ciardi the poet might seem like an odd couple. But the two, who first met at a writers' conference, are close friends. They are also competitors and over the past several years have tried, with lim-



Asimov with Psychiatrist Wife Janet, 1977
Everything from limericks to criticism.

ited success, to top each other at composing limericks. The result of their 1978 shootout is a book in which each offers 144 of the five-liners. One of Ciardi's milder offerings reads: "Said a voice from the back of the car: 'Young man, I don't know who you are./ But allow me to state./ Though it may come too late,/ I had not meant to go quite this far.'" An Asimovian retort goes: "There is something about satyriasis/ That arouses psychiatrists' biases./ But we're both very pleased/ We're in this way diseased/ As the damsel who's waiting to try us is." Thus: Though their poetry centers on mating, both men show very few signs of dating. Still their comedy's salty/ And their taste somewhat faulty./ So their book gets a solid X rating. ■

Editors' Choice

FICTION: A Perfect Vacuum, Stanislaw Lem • Birdy, William Wharton • Dubin's Lives, Bernard Malamud • Nostalgia for the Present, Andrei Voznesensky • The Coup, John Updike • The Flounder, Günter Grass • The Stories of John Cheever, John Cheever

NONFICTION: A Distant Mirror, Barbara W. Tuchman • A Jew Today, Elie Wiesel • American Caesar, William Manchester • E.M. Forster: A Life, P.N. Furbank • In Search of History, Theodore H. White • The Ides of August, Curtis Cate • Thoughts in a Dry Season, Gerald Brenan

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. War and Remembrance, *Wouk* (1 last week)
2. Overload, *Hailey* (2)
3. Chesapeake, *Michener* (3)
4. The Stories of John Cheever, *Cheever* (4)
5. Fools Die, *Puzo* (6)
6. The Coup, *Updike* (8)
7. Second Generation, *Fast* (9)
8. Dress Gray, *Truscott* (10)
9. Evergreen, *Plain* (7)
10. The World According to Garp, *Irving*

NONFICTION

1. Lauren Bacall by Myself, *Bacall* (1)
2. Mommie Dearest, *Crawford* (2)
3. A Distant Mirror, *Tuchman* (3)
4. The Complete Scarsdale Medical Diet, *Turnover & Baker* (4)
5. In Search of History, *White* (6)
6. Linda Goodman's Love Signs, *Goodman* (7)
7. If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries—What Am I Doing in the Pits?, *Bombeck* (8)
8. American Caesar, *Manchester* (5)
9. The Ann Landers Encyclopedia A to Z, *Landers*
10. Gnomes, *Huygen & Poorvliet* (10)

Theater



Arnaz in *They're Playing Our Song*

Love in Bloom

THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG

Book by Neil Simon

Music by Marvin Hamlisch

Lyrics by Carole Bayer Sager

Broadway's paladin of laughter is back. It almost seems like an act of chivalry for Neil Simon to bestow his tonic comic gifts on a season as arid as this one has been. Of course, he has able assistance in this musical that, according to a program note, is "loosely based on the real-life relationship between the show's composer Marvin Hamlisch and its lyricist Carole Bayer Sager." Perhaps that is why the sharp crackle of humor in *They're Playing Our Song* seems to emanate from a warming log fire of shared humanity.

Although Simon rarely deals with young people or with bright show-biz professionals, his tart and wacky one-liners are in perfect accord with the temperaments of his hero and heroine. The show is very New York in mood, with an opening backdrop of the Manhattan skyline that is like a bas-relief of tinsel Christmas trees. A top-name pop composer,

Vernon Gersch (Robert Klein), surveys the scene from his luxury apartment where he first meets Sonia Walsk (Lucie Arnaz), an aspiring lyricist much in awe of his success. When she picks up his solid-gold Oscar, she is astonished: "They're lighter than I thought!" Quips Vernon: "They're chocolate inside."

Sonia and Vernon fall in love, or are finessed into it by Simon's engagingly backhanded ploys. They collaborate blissfully, move in together and then face a period of maladjustment. Away from his piano, Vernon is a bundle of neuroses and almost inarticulate about his deepest feelings. Candid beyond discretion, Sonia seems to be carrying a guttering torch for a phone nemesis named Leon who calls at all hours, preferably 3 a.m. After some murky psychologizing about the schizophrenic difficulties of living and working together, the pair split and, copybook fashion, kiss and make up.

This becomes believable because the personalities of Klein and Arnaz are so appealing that you root for them. Klein has a flair for light comedy that is mightily infectious, and he commands the stage like a pirate sweeping a deck. Arnaz matches his strength, and she sings her lyrics in-depth with Streisand's gift for matching feeling with meaning. She hurdles the harricade of being the daughter of Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz by imitating neither, but she has inherited their incomparable comic timing.

On a report card, Hamlisch's music and Sager's lyrics score no higher than Bs, but they possess a finger-snapping vitality that turns explosive in the title number. A well-earned A goes to Douglas W. Schmidt's stunningly sophisticated sets, Tharon Musser's evocative lighting and Ann Roth's clever costumes. Great joy has come to Shubert Alley. — **T.E. Malem**

That's My Baby

WHOOPEE!

Book by William Anthony McGuire

Music by Walter Donaldson

Lyrics by Gus Kahn

If they survive for half a century, songs are not only classics, they are also beloved. One could sense that on the opening night of the revival of the 1928 musical *Whoopee!* Just the first few bars of *Makin' Whoopee, I'm Bringing a Red, Red Rose, Love Me or Leave Me* and *Yes, Sir, That's My Baby* brought forth the sound of 2,000 hands clapping.

The book has apparently undergone some renovation, but purists of the Broadway class of '28 are the only ones who are likely to be troubled by that. If the word escapist were forgotten, *Whoopee!* would redefine it. The show is transpar-

ently mindless and totally exhilarating fun. Director Frank Corsaro has wisely pitched the tone of the entire evening between silent-movie comedy and balmy operatics. It is never camped. Like gentle satire, it is half in love with what it kids, but time—not the cast—does the kidding.

The plot is wafer thin. Henry Williams (Charles Repole) is slight in stature but huge in hypochondria, and so full of pills that when he sneezes "people around me get cured." By happenstance, Henry extricates Sally Morgan, a coy maiden winsomely played by Beth Austin, from the maritally-minded clutches of Sheriff Bob (J. Kevin Scannell), a sagebrush Keystone Kop. Sally's true love is Hiawatha, or rather, Wanenis (Franc Luz), a noble North American savage from red-blooded Dartmouth. She gets him, and after a number of featherbrained misadventures, Henry finds perfect health and pneumatic bliss in the arms of a lusty-voiced, opulently endowed nurse (Carol Swarbrick).

As Henry, Charles Repole moves with the erratic precision of a broken watch spring, but his tap and soft-shoe dances possess the style that Walter Mitty's dreams are made of. He looks astonishingly like Eddie Cantor, the show's original star, but his manner is endearingly cuddlesome, rather like Joel Grey's. Choreographer Dan Siretta's dance numbers blaze across the stage like prairie fires, and the smashing chorus girls are a bouquet of red, red roses. — **T.E.K.**



Repole and Austin in *Whoopee!*

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